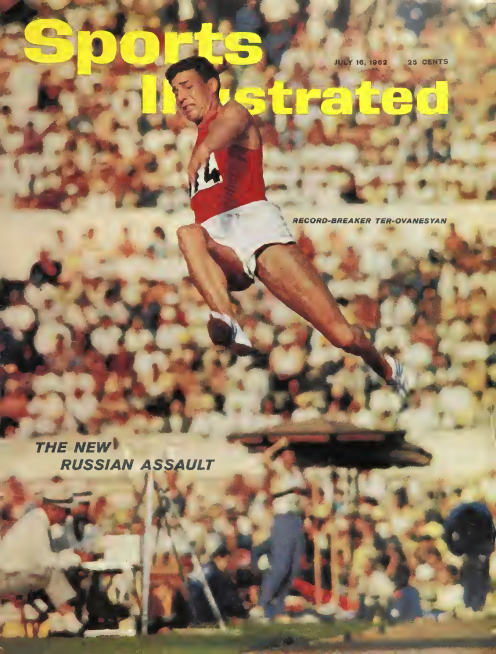


Sports Illustrated

A full-page photograph of a high jumper, Ter-Ovanesyan, in mid-air over a bar. He is wearing a red singlet with the number 14 and white shorts. The background is a large, blurred crowd of spectators in a stadium.

JULY 16, 1962

25 CENTS

RECORD-BREAKER TER-OVANESYAN

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RUSSIAN ASSAULT**



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The Triumph 1200 in the picture costs \$1949*—gets about 35 miles per gallon—and parking it is very easy. So far, it's like any good economy car on the market.

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Test drive the Triumph 1200, in either convertible or sedan versions, at any of the 350-plus Triumph dealers. You'll see the difference sports car engineering can make in an economy car.

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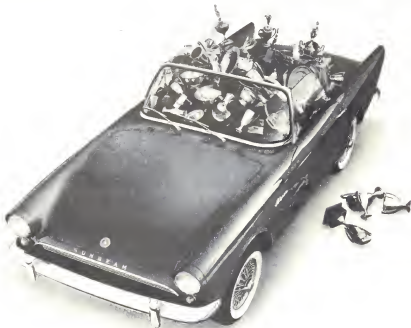
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our cups runneth over

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A PORTFOLIO in color of golf pros ripping and tearing their not-so-gentle ways around a course. Also a report from Alfred Wright on the 1962 British Open in Troon, Scotland.

PHOENIX is the wettest spot in the desert. Celeste Phoenix explores its watery past and tells the story of one determined man who runs the most famous watering hole in town.

THE JOYS OF CRUISING the summery Mediterranean are nostalgically and lavishly described by Carleton Mitchell on a ferry sail among the lovely islands off Italy's shores.

Smart new portable checks its own batteries



MOTOROLA

new leader in the lively art of electronics

New Motorola 8-transistor portable radio has its own battery life indicator... costs only \$39⁹⁵*

Maybe it's happened to you. You're settled back nice and comfortable, decide to switch on your portable to hear the latest in sports or news and... nothing happens. The batteries have run out of juice.

It's not likely to happen with this compact Motorola X41. It has its own battery life indicator. All you have to do to make sure the batteries are up to snuff is press a

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its vigor, we invite you to stop by your Motorola dealer's, see and hear the difference Motorola's progress in miniaturization makes. Just ask for the X41 in Black, Brown or Olive cowhide case. \$39.95* is the manufacturer's suggested list price; optional with dealers.



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POINT OF FACT

A PGA Championship quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts

1 a) When was the Professional Golfers' Association Championship first played? b) Who won?

a) In 1916 the PGA held its first championship, a match-play event, at Siwanoy CC in Bronxville, N.Y. b) Jim Barnes, an angular Cornishman, took the lead from Jack Hutchinson on the 33rd hole of the 36-hole final and kept it to finish 1 up. He received the Wanamaker Trophy, the prize still awarded PGA champions, and \$500.

2 Who has won the most PGA championships?

Walter Hagen, the first great American professional golfer, won five PGA titles. In 1921 he outplayed Jim Barnes, a two-time champion (1916, 1919), to win 3 and 2. In 1924 "The Hag" took the first of four consecutive championships. He had won 22 straight matches in the PGA competition when he was stopped at the 1928 quarter-finals by Leo Diegel, the eventual winner.

3 When did the PGA Championship become a stroke-play competition?

In 1958 Dow Finsterwald shot 67-72-70-67—276, still the lowest 72-hole score in PGA championship competition, to win the first stroke-play event. The conservative Oban had reached the final in his first try for the PGA Championship the year before, only to be beaten 2 and 1 in a close match with trumpet-playing Lionel Hebert.

4 Who was the most decisive winner in match-play competition? b) in stroke play?

a) In 1928 Paul Runyan, the champion four years before, routed Sam Snead 8 and 7, in the most lopsided PGA final. Snead, who had come from the mountains of Virginia and had been "discovered" by golfing galleries on the 1937 winter tour, consistently outdrew Runyan by 10 yards, but Runyan's brilliant short game proved decisive. b) Dow Finsterwald's two-stroke victory over Bill Casper in 1958 was the biggest winning margin in stroke-play competition.

5 Who was the oldest PGA winner?

Jerry Barber, who won the championship in 1961 at 45. The 5-foot-5, 135-pound golfer finished the regulation 72 holes in a tie with Don January but took the 18-hole playoff by one stroke (67-68).

PAT RYAN



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Indian Caves, near Arecibo, Puerto Rico—spectacular place to drink a Daiquiri on-the-rocks. John Stewart photograph.

New cocktail for men: Daiquiri on-the-rocks

(with today's dry, light Puerto Rican rum)

A MAN WANTS a cocktail that stands up to ice. It must be robust and cold.

Make a Daiquiri on-the-rocks with Puerto Rican rum and you've got a real man's drink. Dry, light Puerto Rican rum never falters on ice.

What makes Puerto Rican rum so light and dry? Unfailing sun. Amiable climate. Mountain torrents

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THE RECIPE: Juice half lime ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.); scant tsp. sugar; $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dry, white Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice.

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Nova 400 4-Door Station Wagon—one of three Chevy II wagons.

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What a neat way to tote up to 76.2 cubic feet of game, gear or anything else! A rugged breed, that Chevy II, with Body by Fisher craftsmanship, a high level of luxury, and mechanical simplicity that makes it long on dependability, short on service costs.

Here's a man-sized wagon—with a load deck that extends over 9 ft. with the tailgate down. Yet, generous as this Chevy II, with cargo space, it's a real miser on maintenance. For instance, front-end components, fenders included, bolt on and off for easy repair. New Mono-Plate rear springs never need lubrication. And that plucky gas-sippin' 6 is the next best thing to perpetual motion. Check your dealer and see... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Chevy II Nova



SCORECARD

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

The contrast President Kennedy points out between our top athletes and the rest of our young people (see page 12) is a poignant commentary on our "star system" in sport, a system in which only those who are physically fit to make the team are, in the end, physically fit.

There is something in the American character that does not respond warmly to regimented drill, as in mass displays of gymnastics common to other nations, and it is just possible that that may be all to the good. There is also something in the American sporting culture that tends to distinguish meekly between athletes who are "heroes" and huckers who are "bums," to regard anything less than a four-minute mile, these days, as an inferior performance. The good hard try does not make headlines.

Well, it never did. But it still does give satisfaction to those who make the try. The fun and value of sport does not lie so much in the winning as in the playing. The winning is the whipped cream on the strawberries. But who is to deny the sweetness of the strawberries? And that's where the vitamins are.

The problem of how to sell our children this concept begins in the grammar schools, where physical fitness at present is a sometime thing, emphasized only at the whim of an occasional enlightened principal. It extends to the high schools, where the star system starts because the ambitious high school coach knows that development of stars is his surest ticket to the college big time. It reaches its ultimate in the colleges, which must constantly police each other against violations of the vaguely defined and vastly permissive recruiting rules.

Sport needs its stars, of course, as inspirational symbols of excellence. But America needs millions of good, rugged kids who will grow into good, rugged men and women.

THE DEADLY SHORELINE

Tricks to deceive fish are numerous enough to fill an encyclopedia and some of them even work. The latest is now

fooling fish—and snakes and humans—on Falcon Lake, Texas.

Noting that professional guides paint their boats in drab, inconspicuous colors, Marvin Williams, past president of the Dallas Anglers' Club, decided to go them one better.

"Why not camouflage the boat to look just like the shoreline of a lake?" he asked himself. He hired a sign painter, who airbrushed on a basic aquamarine color, added lily pads, tree stumps, cattails and brownish grass.

"I would say our first trip out was quite a success," Williams said. "I went to exactly the same place on Falcon Lake where I'd failed before. I not only got the bass and came up with better catches than anyone around me, but I got a back of a lot of them close to the boat. But the fish weren't all that we fooled. We were setting up to cast in a cove when boats would just come tearing in toward us. Then they'd get close enough to see that that wasn't shoreline—it was a 16-foot boat. 'What ya got that stuff on your boat for?' they'd ask and I'd answer, 'You just answered your own question.'"

Falcon Lake is noted for its snakes, which is why Williams keeps a 410-shotgun in his boat. The other day he had to use it on a snake that he saw swimming toward the boat, obviously with the intention of going ashore among those very attractive cattails.

THE ARTIST AS SPORTSMAN

William Faulkner died last week at the age of 64. We on this magazine have a particular sense of loss, when we began William Faulkner was among our first contributors. He set a standard of quality in his writing for these pages, especially on the Kentucky Derby, whose influence we like to feel still persists. He was unfailingly patient, conscientious, helpful and, in a quiet, almost retiring way, inspired in getting the maximum journalistic value from the events that he wrote about.

His major works were, of course, his intense and tragic novels, but he was a

master at evoking the sights and sounds of the stables and the tracks, the amiable democracy of fishing camps, the cold November woods where a boy could shoot his first deer, or a fox hunt in the Mississippi hills with the dry, wild sound of the pine trees and the ringing, bell-like call of the hounds echoing among the trees where the hunters waited motionless on their horses in the frosty moonlight. Of William Faulkner's writing on sport it can be said confidently that it was the most light-hearted and engaging of all his work, the creation of someone who was far from finished, a beginning rather than an end.

SHOEMAKER LEAVES HIS LAST

The Minnesota Vikings of the National Football League—or those of them residing in the Twin Cities area during the summer—played the Whittaker Buck softball team of St. Paul the other day. The Vikings won at softball, 11-8, but could do no better than a 6-6 tie in a game of touch football.

ALWAYS AN ENGLAND

Major Clark (Spots) Leaphard, one of four Britons who had been captured by Communist guerrillas in southern Laos, returned to London the other day. For a month Leaphard had been marched through the jungle with a rope about his neck. From time to time he and his fellow captives would be hog-tied and forced to kneel before their captors who,



while peasants watched and listened, frightened and threatened to kill them.

But after a while the guerrillas tired of the propaganda game. The ropes around the prisoners' necks were retained merely as symbols. The prisoners just tucked the ends of the ropes into their pockets and roamed the villages freely. One day one of them picked up a bamboo stick and a lump of charcoal and suggested, "How about cricket?"

And so, deep in the Laotian jungle,

continued



At last... a golf ball with the white locked on! Thanks to new Royaloc finish, the Royal Special L/P defies stains, scuffs... keeps dazzling for rounds and rounds. Bill Collins says no other golf ball stays white so long. Look for the ball marked "L/P," sold only at professionals' shops.

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Putting it mildly... the new DKW is West Germany's miracle on wheels



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SCORECARD continued

Communist guerrillas were introduced to a game that has sustained the spirits of Britons wherever they have been.

"Our captors didn't know how to play but wanted to learn," Major Leaphard reported. "They were very friendly and seemed to like the game. But whether they'll take it up permanently I couldn't say." In any event, they'll never be the same again.

FORECAST: FILLIES

This is the season when harness-racing fans have their ears cocked forward for tips on The Hambletonian, the sport's premier event, which will be raced August 29 at Du Quoin, Ill. We can provide a couple of tips, having just had a look at the best Hambletonian 3-year-olds at Roland Harriman's Goshen meeting (SI, July 9). The first is that the fillies are very much ahead of the colts at this point and are a fair bet to remain so until The Hambletonian. The second is that Safe Mission, the best 2-year-old colt last year, has gone rank on Driver Joe O'Brien and may not mend his manners in time to outroot a big, strong Hoot Mon colt named A. C.'s Viking.

If The Hambletonian were held tomorrow, our S2 would be on the nose of Impish, the mischievous wonder filly who trotted a 1:58 1/2 mile at Lexington last fall and easily breezed away from a first-curse filly field at Goshen in 2:02 1/2—a record for the Coaching Club Trotting Oaks. In a second heat she was overtaken in the stretch by her brilliant stablemate, Sprite Rodney, but managed to come on and nip her at the wire. It appeared that Driver Frank Ervin, with the hard campaign ahead in mind, had Impish under a cautiously stout hold. As for A. C.'s Viking, he had two rough trips—once going three horses wide in the clubhouse turn—yet won both his heats with power and authority.

A TIME FOR WEeping

Ask the man who owned one and you'll see tears in his eyes. It's a rare minor business page announcement that stimulates regret for lost youth, but last week the news that the name Packard has been lopped permanently from Studebaker-Packard Corporation brought a painful twinge to many an old beau.

The first Packard was built in 1899 at Warren, Ohio. In its peak year the company built 109,000 cars. There still are some 200,000 registered Packards tool-

ing around, but production of them wheezed to a final end four years ago.

An older sister remembers, misty-eyed, that the open Packard, along with the Stutz Bearcat and Mercer roadster, was one of the top girl-bust automobiles of all time. "No equipage, not even the golden coronation carriage of the British royal family," she said, choosing her words with solemn care, "ever gave a girl the feeling of absolute swank that she got from sitting behind the hinged tonneau windshield of a phaeton, as it purred elegantly down the main street of town with the wind blowing free through her shingled bob."

Even the old Packard showroom had elements of magic. "You didn't just glance in the window," she said. "You spent time admiring the sturdy trunk rack, the massive headlights, the voluptuous feel of the heavy Safe-T-Grip steering wheel, the dashing custom-nickel-plated wire wheels, the snazzy spare in its canvas shield, the slick flowing line of the mudguards and adjoining running board, the yielding, sensuous feel of the chaste brown-leather upholstery."

And now the Packard is no more. Farewell, sweet Packard. Goodbye, dear old girl-bust. This isn't the right world for you, anyway.

THEY SAID IT

- Golfer Jack Nicklaus, asked if he wanted some of the crowd moved after his tee shot stopped alongside a tree: "Never mind the people. Just move this tree a few feet to the left."
- Roy Harris, knocked out by both Floyd Patterson and Sonny Liston: "If Patterson comes in under 185 and has his good combos going, I give him a chance. If he comes in at 190 or more, I think Liston will knock him out."
- Vince Lombardi, Green Bay Packer coach, on Halfback Paul Hornung's release from the Army: "If Hornung doesn't show up in August, I don't think I will either."
- Houston Colt Manager Harry Craft, on letting Rookie Ernie Fazio play his first full game: "When you buy a new suit, do you wear it or do you hang it in the closet?"
- Paul (Daffy) Dean, expressing a preference for watching football over baseball: "All baseball did for me was to ruin my cotton-pickin' career."
- Detroit Pitcher Hank Aguirre, explaining why he was murmuring "Two for three" after hitting a single: "Two hits in three years."

END



Who likes Bourbon for a Summer Cooler?

Just most of the people in the United States, that's all! *Even in the summertime*, bourbon outsells all the gin and vodka combined.

The very mildness and smoothness of a fine bourbon like OLD CROW helps make drinks taste cool. Put more than that, OLD CROW gives drinks superior taste.

There are inspired ways to embellish OLD CROW on a hot summer day. You can *julep* it...with sprigs of mint, a teaspoon of powdered sugar and shaved ice. You can *rickey* it...with juice of half a lime, ice cubes and club soda. Or, many people settle for their year 'round drink, bourbon and *branch*, (fresh, pure, cool water).

The historic bourbon that has helped cool 127 summers is OLD CROW from Kentucky. Its virtues have drawn the public approval of many of America's most famous men—Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Mark Twain, to name a few. An equally impressive recommendation is the fact that today more people prefer OLD CROW to any other bourbon.

Taste why. Next time the summer sun sinks slowly over the patio...*have yourself an Old Crow cooler.*



Light-Mild 86-Proof
OLD CROW
Kentucky Bourbon



THE VIGOR WE NEED

by PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

When a citizen of Greece returned home after a victory in the Olympic Games he was escorted triumphantly into the city through a hole which had been ripped in its wall. Thus the city-state was symbolically assured that any polis possessed of such a hero had no need of a wall to defend it. Although we may be sure that the wall was repaired when a hostile army threatened, the symbolic act had a meaning which is as true for the America of today as it was for the ancient Greeks, a meaning expressed by Disraeli when he said, "The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their powers as a State depend."

Our own history, perhaps better than the history of any other great country, vividly demonstrates the truth of the belief that physical vigor and health are essential accompaniments to the qualities of intellect and spirit on which a nation is built. It was men who possessed vigor and strength as well as courage and vision who first settled these shores and, over more than three centuries, subdued a continent and wrested a civilization from the wilderness. It was physical hardihood that helped Americans in two great world wars to defeat strong and tenacious foes and make this country history's mightiest defender of freedom. And today, in our own time, in the jungles of Asia and on the borders of Europe, a new group of vigorous young Americans helps maintain the peace of the world and our security as a nation.

At the same time, young Americans are attaining new standards of excellence in athletic contests. Only last month four men ran the mile in less than four minutes in a single

race. Hardly a month passes that some new record for speed or strength, stamina or competitive skill, is not shattered. Never in history has the United States been represented by a more gifted group of athletes in national and international competition. Yet we must not allow our pride in these few men to obscure the fact that over the past decades the level of physical fitness of much of our citizenry has been far below any reasonable national standard.

A year and a half ago in this magazine I reviewed the results of the Kraus-Weber survey, which showed that American youths lagged far behind young Europeans in basic levels of physical fitness (SI, Dec. 26, 1960). Almost 58% of Americans were unable to pass these tests, while only 8.7% of Europeans failed. Since that time the President's Council on Youth Fitness has conducted a survey which indicates that more than 10 million of our 40 million schoolchildren are unable to pass a test which measures only a minimum level of physical fitness, while almost 20 million would be unable to meet the standards set by a more comprehensive test of physical strength and skills.

These figures indicate the vast dimensions of a national problem which should be of deep concern to all of us. It is paradoxical that the very economic progress, the technological advance and scientific breakthroughs which have, in part, been the result of our national vigor have also contributed to the draining of that vigor. Technology and automation have eliminated many of those physical exertions which were once a normal part of the working day. New forms of transportation have made it unnecessary to walk to school or to the office or the corner store. New forms of



Drawing by R. T. Harbelle

entertainment have consumed much of the time which was once used for sports and games.

No one can deny the enormous benefits which these developments have brought—the reduction of drudgery and tedious tasks, the opportunity for greater leisure, the increased access to intellectual stimulation and quality entertainment. But at the same time we must not allow these advances to become the instruments of the decline of our national vitality and health. We cannot permit the loss of that physical vigor which has helped to nourish our growth and which is essential if we are to carry forward the complex and demanding tasks which are vital to our strength and progress.

It was in response to this problem that President Eisenhower urged immediate attention to our deteriorating level of physical fitness; and that this Administration established a nationwide program of cooperation with state, city and town officials to raise our fitness level.

First, we reorganized the President's Council on Youth Fitness and placed that council under Special Presidential Consultant Charles B. (Bud) Wilkinson, football coach of the University of Oklahoma. Under Mr. Wilkinson's extraordinarily able leadership the council developed—in cooperation with 19 leading school and medical organizations—the basic concepts for a program of physical fitness now in use by more than half the country's public schools.

In addition, the council helped to initiate special pilot fitness projects, involving more than 200,000 students in five states. The results were a dramatic proof of the value of carefully designed school physical fitness programs. After

continued

only six weeks 25% of the students who had failed the basic fitness test passed. A similar gain was measured each succeeding six weeks until, by the end of the school year, an average of 80% of those who had failed were able to pass. There could be no more effective proof of the fact that efforts by local school authorities can vastly improve the physical fitness level of America's youth.

Secondly, the council has designed a nationwide campaign to alert Americans to physical fitness needs and provide them with the information needed to conduct fitness programs. More than 340,000 copies of the school physical fitness program have been distributed, and during the past school year the number of schools offering such a program rose by 13%. The Advertising Council, private film makers and professional athletic organizations have joined campaigns to increase public attention to physical fitness needs, and a conference of governors' representatives, with 44 states represented, was held last April to enlist the help of state governments in this nationwide effort.

Third, the council is now going forward with a wide range of physical fitness activities in the fields of recreation and health education. Special programs are being developed for college students and for adults. A series of recommendations has been made to leaders of the armed forces, and those recommendations are now being put into effect.

This is heartening progress, and has helped to chart the course for our future activity. But it must be viewed as only a small beginning in a nation where 60% of the school-children do not participate in regular physical fitness programs, where millions of adults neglect their needs for regular exercise, where general levels of physical vitality are being surpassed by other developed nations.

Writing on this subject a year and a half ago, I stressed the importance of physical fitness to our national strength, the subtle but undeniable relationship of physical vigor to our capacity to undertake the enormous efforts of mind and courage and will which are the price of maintaining the peace and insuring the continued flourishing of our civilization. And this importance still exists. But fitness is vital for a still more basic reason. It is vital because it is the basis of the health and vitality of the individual citizen. And these are qualities which are essential if each American is to be free to realize fully the potential value of his own capabilities and the pursuit of his individual goals. In the final analysis, it is this liberation of the individual to pursue his own ends, subject only to the loose restraints of a free society, which is the ultimate meaning of our civilization.

The Federal Government will continue to focus national attention on this problem. But it is absolutely clear that the ultimate responsibility for the fitness of the American people rests on the cooperation and determination of school boards and town officials, on thousands of community leaders and on millions of fathers and mothers. Only through your effort can we hope to continue to move steadily toward a stronger and more vigorous America. **END**

BUD WILKINSON:

It would be pleasant if the attainment and maintenance of physical fitness could be pure fun, if good physical condition could be achieved and maintained through infrequent participation in sports and games. Many of us view calisthenics, running and similar conditioning exercises as routine and boring.

Sports are fun but, considering available time, the facilities needed and the expense involved, the maintenance of fitness through sports alone is obviously beyond the reach of most Americans. If school physical education programs ignore this fact and place their sole emphasis on the development of sports and recreational skills, such programs can properly be called frills of education.

PULL-UPS (BOYS)

The equipment needed is a bar, mounted high enough so that it is above the outstretched fingertips. To start the exercise, jump on and grasp the bar, with the palms turned outward. The feet must hang free of the floor. Pull the body smoothly up with the arms alone, in a continuous movement, until the chin is over the bar. The pullup must not be a snap movement; the knees may not be raised, kicking is not permitted. If the body starts to swing, a partner must stop it by holding his arm extended across the subject's thighs. One complete pull-up is counted each time the subject gets his chin over the bar. For boys from 10 to 13 years of age, one pull-up is considered passing; for boys 14 and 15, two pullups; for boys aged 16 and 17, three.



PULL-UPS (GIRLS)

For girls, the height of the bar is adjusted to chest level. (In the home, it might be placed between two step-ladders and securely fastened.) In the starting position, the subject faces the bar and grasps it with palms turned inward. She then walks under the bar, keeping her body and knees straight and her heels on the floor. While a partner braces her heels to prevent them from slipping, she lowers her body until her arms are fully extended, at right angles to the body line. She then pulls herself up until her chest touches the bar, drops back and repeats. No resting is permitted between pull-ups. Eight pull-ups are passing for girls aged 10 to 17.

THE WHYS AND HOWS OF FITNESS

Good physical education programs, however, under competent leadership, are not frills. They are designed to meet the individual needs of all girls and boys, and they pay particular attention to the underdeveloped and over-protected child. A tendency toward obesity or its opposite may be inherited, along with general awkwardness, but these tendencies can be overcome by a proper diet and a well-planned, individualized activity program.

This nation possesses the resources to insure that every girl and boy will reach maturity with a strong, straight body, free from all medically remedial defects. We possess the educational know-how to give each child an understanding of the necessity for regular exercise and every

young American the incentive to maintain his proper body weight and muscle tone throughout life.

To pass the tests for minimum physical fitness shown here is not an end in itself; they do represent, however, a first step. A child who can pass these tests, which are taken from the suggested school physical fitness program sent out by the President's Council last year and are the same ones that President Kennedy referred to, has reason for pride. He not only has been able to accomplish this first step, but, more important, he has set his feet upon a path that, if pursued, will enable him at last to utilize fully his physical, intellectual and social potentialities in the service of his God, his country and himself.

SIT-UPS (BOYS AND GIRLS)

Starting position is lying on the back, legs extended, feet about one foot apart. The hands are clasped behind the neck, elbows extended. A partner holds the subject's ankles, keeping the heels firmly on the floor. The subject sits up, turns the trunk to the left, touches the right elbow to the left knee, straightens and returns

to the lying position. Without pause, he sits up again, turns the trunk to the left, touches the left elbow to the right knee, then lies down again. One complete sit-up is counted each time the subject returns to the starting position. For boys aged 10 to 17 years, 14 sit-ups are considered passing; for girls aged 10 to 17, 10,



SQUAT THRUST (BOYS AND GIRLS)

For this test, a stop watch or a watch with a sweep second hand is needed, since the object is to count the number of times the exercise can be performed within a 10-second limit. It starts with the subject standing at attention, and at the signal "Ready! Go!" he bends to a squatting position, with hands on the floor between, outside or in front of the bent knees. From the squat position the legs are thrust quickly backward, fully extended, so that the body is held

straight in the push-up position. Just as quickly, the subject returns to the squatting position, rises to standing, then repeats. The entire exercise should be accomplished in a smooth and rhythmically coordinated movement. One complete squat thrust is counted each time the subject returns to the erect position, and at the end of 10 seconds, the timer says, "Stop." For boys aged 10 to 17, four squat thrusts are considered passing; for girls aged 10 to 17, three.



THE RIVER RAN RED

Is too bad," grinned the big, blond Russian who pulled the No. 5 oar in the Soviet boat, "dot on big American holiday Soviet crews got to win." Too bad or not, the Russians had just made the American Fourth inglorious by winning, not once, but three times on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia's annual Independence Day Regatta.

The first victory was not unexpected.

It pitted Russia's tireless, stolid and apparently indestructible Vyacheslav Ivanov, current European single sculls champion, against a field of Americans led by a man he had already beaten handily. Having finished third to Ivanov's first at Prague last summer, ex-Princeton oar Seymour Cromwell had been practicing day and night on Boston's Charles River in an effort to even

the score. But against a man whose muscles seemed tireless as pistons, the effort proved futile. After getting away fast in the first event, Ivanov simply kept on increasing the distance between his boat and Cromwell's until the race was over. He swept across the finish line hardly out of breath, and was cooling his legs over-side when Cromwell crossed the line and slumped exhausted over his oars (*below*).



There were three cheers on the banks of the Schuylkill as Philadelphia celebrated the Fourth of July in its annual Independence Day Regatta, but none was for the Red, White and Blue by **THOMAS BRODY**

As if that single scull defeat weren't enough, Ivanov, who almost never rows a double scull in serious competition, next proceeded to take a sick teammate's place in the doubles and do the same thing all over again.

These Russian victories, however, were only mildly galling in comparison to the massive dose of wormwood dealt out to the U.S. by the Russian eight-oared

shell. Only once before had a Soviet eight beaten an American one. That was at England's Henley in 1958, when a Russian crew beat the University of Washington. Last week another Washington crew was on the Schuylkill to avenge the defeat, and with it a powerful, low-stroking eight from Cornell, a crew from Philadelphia's Vesper Rowing Club, one from Buffalo and one from Canada.

James Graham



The crew officially designated by the Soviet Union to oppose this gleaming armada was composed of two Russians and seven Lithuanians, ranging in age from 22 to 29. Dumped on the town in Philadelphia, they proved to be a genial, smiling lot, whose cheer was not dampened even by the news that their oars had been lost in transit from London, but in their borrowed shell (a bulbous old Penn Athletic Club antique with wide outriggers well suited to the choppy European style of rowing) they were all business.

Because the race course on the Schuylkill includes a curve located at about the 700-meter mark, the crews started on a slanted line like quarter milers in a track meet. The placing of the shells, with Cornell in the lane on the outside of the curve, made it appear that the Ithacans held an early lead. Actually, from the moment the starting gun sounded, the Soviets led all the way. "The Reds always slam out of there in a hurry," said Tom Amlong, No. 2 in the Vesper boat, "but we expected them to fade at the 1,500-meter mark. At least that's where they always pooped out before." But instead of fading when they hit the poop-out mark, the Soviets simply upped their already high (36) beat and rowed even faster. As the Russian shell leaped past the orange finish-line buoys a length ahead of the Vespers and far, far ahead of the rest, Soviet Stroke Ryshard Valkevichus reached back to exchange a firm handshake with his No. 7 man, Antanas Bagdonavichus. Then, in the curious tradition of his country, he planted a firm kiss smack on Antanas' mouth.

To most knowledgeable U.S. rowing experts, Russia's victory over the American rowers came as no surprise. What did surprise them—though it shouldn't have—was the dramatic victory of the Vesper Boat Club boat over the rest of the American entries. Rowing clubs were once the main support of rowing in this country, as they always have been in Europe. But though the emphasis today, particularly in the big boats, is on college rowing, only the mature and seasoned masochists of the rowing clubs, who find a lifelong delight in torturing themselves on a river, can make crews of the caliber of the Russian eight. Last week's debacle on the Schuylkill may well open U.S. coaches' eyes to a new club-oriented approach to rowing come the next Olympics. Meanwhile, for the Vespers, the defeat brought some satisfaction. "At least," said one of them, "we beat those blasted college boys."

END

U.S. AND U.S.S.R. ABOUT-FACE

by **TEX MAULE**

In Palo Alto, Calif., a Russian track team, stronger in our strong events, faces an American team even better in U.S.S.R. specialties

EVENT (world record)	1958	1959	1961	1962 PREDICTED FINISH (best performance this season)
100 METERS (10.0)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	HAYES (10.0) SAYERS (10.4) GIZLIN (10.4) POLUITO (10.3)
200 METERS (20.5)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3	GRAYTON (20.5) SAYERS (20.7) BOYUN (21.1) TUTANOV (20.9)
400 METERS (44.3)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	WILLIAMS (46.7) SADLER (46.7) ARCHERD (46.9) TVERBATOV (47.3)
800 METERS (1:44.3)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	SHERBET DUPREE (1:46.2) MOLLEY (1:47.3) KRYVOMYETEV (1:48.5)
1,500 METERS (3:56.6)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	DEATY (3:41.5) BRELL (3:41.5) SAFONOV (3:45.0) BELITSKI (3:45.0)
5,000 METERS (13:35.0)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	TRUK (13:40.0) BOLOTHNIKOV (13:46.4) ARTHYKAS (14:00.0) GLARK (14:00.1)
10,000 METERS (28:18.8)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	WINDY (28:27.4) KOSTIN MARBLE (28:54.6) SUTRINCHT (28:58.2)
100-METER HURDLES (13.2)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	TARR (13.3) B. JONES (13.4) NICHOLSON (13.5) CHRISTAKOS (14.0)
400-METER HURDLES (49.2)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	ATTERBERRY (52.1) CAGLEY (52.9) ANTONYEV (50.8) CHRYSTALOFF (51.2)
STEEPLECHASE (3:30.4)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	YENYOMAYEV (3:35.0) YOUNG (3:42.4) SOKOLIN (3:58.0) FORMAN (3:58.2)
20-KM WALK (1:25:57.2)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	COLUMBIGHI VEDRADO JOHN LAIRD
400-METER RELAY (39.1)	U.S.	U.S.	U.S.	U.S. (40.0) U.S.S.R.
1600-METER RELAY (3:02.2)	U.S.	U.S.	U.S.	U.S. (3:03.7) U.S.S.R.
HIGH JUMP (7 feet 4 1/2 inches)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	BRUMEL (7-2 1/2) JOHNSON (7-0 1/2) BILCHOV (6-11 1/2) THOMAS (6-10)
BROAD JUMP (27 feet 3 inches)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	BOSTON (29-4) TER-OVANESEAN (27-3) WATFIELD (26) VAMPASHAS (25-8 1/2)
HCP, STEP & JUMP (56 feet 10 1/2 inches)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	BORTAY (54-7 1/2) FEDOROV (54-4) SHARPE (52-1 1/2) STONES (50-1 1/2)

Russian names and numbers are in italics

In the National AAU championships in Walnut, Calif., four Americans, for the first time, finished a mile race in well under four minutes (pleasing President Kennedy and track fans everywhere). A week later, in Chicago, a Polish sprinter beat the best the U.S. had to offer at 200 meters.

This represents a trend in world track and field competition. The United States is developing rapidly in the events in which Americans have never before achieved world class, but the Europeans, especially the Russians, are rapidly closing the gap on American athletes in events in which we traditionally have excelled. Luckily for the U.S., we seem thus far to be making longer—and faster—strides than the foreigners.

What this means in our most immediate test of strength is this: in the dual meet at Palo Alto against the Russians next week the U.S. is likely to win most of the events it is used to winning, but by dwindling margins; we will also win some events in which the Russians have heretofore owned a clear superiority. Since the Russians are competing on foreign soil after a long trip, the American men's margin of overall victory may be deceptively large; we certainly will win the men's competition easily and we can, for the first time, win in combined scoring of men's and women's events. If this happens we may, also for the first time, recognize the combined score as official.

Certainly, the Russians must be considered better in the high jump. Valeri Brumel, a 20-year-old undergraduate at Moscow's Stalin Institute of Physical Culture, holds the world record, more important, he holds a clear-cut psychological edge over the U.S.'s John Thomas. He has never failed to beat Thomas. It is unlikely that he will fail this time, and this year the No. 2 Russian, Victor Bolshov, has jumped higher than either Thomas or Gene Johnson. In the broad jump, crew-cut, English-speaking Igor Ter-Ovanesyan (*see cover*), who likes American jazz, recently broke the world record with a jump some nine inches

continued on page 14

EVENT (world record)	1958	1959	1961	1962	PREDICTED FINISH (best performance this season)
POLE VAULT (36 feet 2½ inches)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4		MARRIS (16 '4) CRAMER (15 8½) PETERKIND (14 9½) HELD (14-9½)
SHOTPUT (65 feet 10' inches)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4		LONG (65 30½) GUBIN (64 11) BEPONIS (61 11) GEORGEY (60 4½)
DISCUS (204 feet 10' inches)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4		GERTER (206-106) BAGINA (194 30) TORGUNEV (200-7½) BORJANOVIC (195 11)
HAMMER (230 feet 9 inches)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4		CONNELLY (227 3) BALAKHINOV (226 ½) BALTOVSKO (220-45) HALL (219-2)
JAVELIN (284 feet 7 inches)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4		WISS (273-9½) TUBALANCO (251 1) STOLNEY (247-11) KOVAL ANIKES (245 30)
DECATHLON (5 683)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4		KATHNETSON KUTELAROV (7 324) P. NEWMAN (67 613) PAULY (7 226)
Men's score	126/ /109	127/ /108	124/ /111	132/ /104	

WOMEN'S EVENTS

100 METERS (11.2)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4		HUEDELM (10 7½) WASSER (11 9) TIRINA (11 5) POPOVA (11 6)
200 METERS (22.3)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4		V. BROWN (22 3) C. SMITH (24 8) TIRINA (22 8) POPOVA (21 3)
400 METERS (2 50.2)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4		LTSEKHO SHVENTSOVA (2 56.3) PARLYNK (2 57 3) BENNETT (2 12 8) KROD (2 14 3)
80 METER HURDLES (10 5)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4		I. PRESS (10 5) MELTYIA (10 7) PARRISH (11 2) TERRY (11 4)
400 METER RELAY (42 3)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S. 1 2 3 4		U.S. (45 7) U.S.S.R.
HIGH JUMP (6 feet 3 inches)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4		CHENGNIK (5-0½) TOSYUOVNA (5-7) B. BROWN (5-0) ROBINSON (5-2)
BROAD JUMP (21 feet 5 inches)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4		SHCHEKANDOVA (21-5) WHITE (20 3) KREPKOVA (20-4½) MICHART (19-11½)
SHOTPUT (60 feet 10½ inches)	U.S. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4		I. PRESS (60 10½) ZVERINA (61-11 4) E. BROWN (60 10½) WYATT (60 4)
DISCUS (243 feet 6 inches)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4		I. PRESS (240 3) CONVALLY (230-2) ZOLICHENKA (224 3) E. BROWN (224 6)
JAVELIN (155 feet 4½ inches)	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4	U.S.S.R. 1 2 3 4		GUDLINA (155-4½) SHASTIKOV (172 8) MILIOVNA (158 2) DAIR (157-7)
Women's score	63/ /44	67/ /40	69/ /39	63/ /44	
TOTAL SCORES	172/ /170	175/ /167	178/ /163	176/ /167	

WORLD RECORD HOLDERS



Hil Cressy
HAMMER



Paul Graydon
400 METER RELAY



Vidar Brand
HIGH JUMP



Ugo Tar Gassanelli
BROAD JUMP



Peter Balabanov
1000 METERS



Olof Long
SHOTPUT



W. Carter
DISCUS



Andrei Vasyukov
30 KM WALK



Wilma Rudolph
100, 200 METERS



Emma Corina
JAVELIN



Tamara Press
SHOTPUT, DISCUS



Tatjana Shchekandova
BROAD JUMP



A NEW HUCK ON THE MISSISSIPPI

This boy, alone with his dog, poling a raft he built himself along a quiet stretch where the Mississippi flows by a big drooping willow, is James Edward Lucy, 12. He lives on Island 26 between Arkansas and Tennessee, and he has never read Huck Finn. He hardly needs to. James Edward feels, like Huck, that some places "do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and comfortable on a raft."

continued





Like Huck Finn, James Edward Lucy never uses a gate when there's a fence to climb through (top left). His island, also called Shoaf Island, has about 100 inhabitants, mostly tenant farmers and their families. In the summer, when his one-room school is out, James Edward spends a lot of his time in the fields tending cotton. But there is still time for hunting fox with Cousin Donald, 12, and Uncle Carl, 17 (left), working on his tree house (right) or fishing for carp with a pole that he cut and trimmed himself.

continued





NEW HUCK continued

Huck Finn used to go swimming "so as to freshen up and cool off," but the modern Huck goes him one better: he enters the water, as Huck never did, via a rope tied to a limb on the riverbank. In a moment James Edward will let go and plunge into The Chute, a narrow channel of the river between his island and Arkansas. Later, as Huck did, he'll "watch the lonesomeness of the river, lazying around and listening to the stillness."

Pick a Pair



Where there's life...there's Bud.

KING OF BEERS • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA



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Why won't your wife let you buy this wagon?

"It looks like a bus."

"I wouldn't be caught dead in it."

Do these sound familiar? Your wife is not alone. It is hard to convince some women what sense the VW Station Wagon makes. Its chunky shape, for instance, allows it to hold more than the biggest conventional wagon. (Yet it is a good four feet shorter, and a lot less exasperating to park.)

She might like the easy way it loads. The side doors give her almost 16 sq. ft. for big supermarket bags, a baby carriage, etc.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon does not have to take anything lying down. She can cart home an antique chest, standing up. Or delicate trees from the nursery. (Wide things, too. It will hold an open playpen.)

She can comfortably pack in eight or more Scouts, with all their cook-out gear.

She can give the family some extra sun on the way to the beach. (Why no other station wagon has a sun-roof is a mystery.)

Even if the traffic is bumper to bumper on hot days, she will not have to worry about

the radiator boiling over. There is no radiator, no water. (The Volkswagen engine is air cooled.)

She may get a kick out of beeping to the other women who drive VW Station Wagons. (They have a kind of private club.)

Or maybe she likes to see where she is going. (The VW wagon has incredible visibility on hills and curves.)

If these facts don't convince her, tell her it's only \$2655* and you aren't made of money.



PITY THE POOR BRITISH PROS

Britain is not producing top-caliber golfers as it once did. Maybe the incentive is lacking because tournament purses are small, or maybe the Americans and the Australians are too good **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

Imagine, if you will, that you are at one of the most important golf tournaments of the year, where 33 of the best domestic and foreign professionals are competing. The only admission price is the 75c you pay to park your car. Along with 10,000 or so other fans, you stroll freely around the course, with no ropes to contain you and no officials to tell you where you may or may not go. If you follow one of the more popular pairings, you will encounter several young men carrying long bamboo poles which they occasionally lower as a sort of barrier to remind you politely how close you may stand to the golfers while they play their shots. If you want to keep up with a particular match you must walk briskly, for there is no dawdling among these golfers. They play an 18-hole round in three hours or less. When you see a shot you admire, you applaud with a discreet clapping of the hands and perhaps murmur, "Well done." It's a very civilizing experience.

Two weeks ago on the course at Wentworth, about an hour's drive out of London, the British pros were playing in the Dunlop Masters, one of the more eminent events on the schedule that leads up to this week's British Open at Troon. By our standards it seemed a very casual affair, replete with British understatement. The prize money was fairly modest—roughly \$9,000 in all, with \$2,800 to the winner—and it was all over in a hurry. The full 72 holes were played on Friday and Saturday, 36 holes on each day, and the winner, as he has been so many times since he first started competing a mere 28 years ago, was a doughty little Welshman named Dai Rees—or David Rees, C.B.E. (Commander of the Order of the British Empire), to give him the full title he wears at palace functions.

Rees brought home a very respectable 278—10 under par—on Wentworth's tight and hard-baked fairways, and just two strokes behind him in a tie for second was Peter Thomson, this year's

leading money-winner on the British pro circuit and certainly the finest golfer ever to come out of Australia. With this year's British tour about half completed, Thomson leads the parade with winnings of a little more than \$10,000, and Rees is in second place with about \$8,500. This may not sound like much by our

lush standards, but it should be remembered that Rees and Thomson have almost as many sidelines going for them as do their American counterparts, and they live well.

Be that as it may, there is a good deal of self-questioning in Britain these days about the quality of its tournament golf.

continued

WELSHMAN DAI REES IS THE ONLY BRITISH PRO WHO STANDS A CHANCE IN THE OPEN



The land that devised this pesky game and produced such masters as Harry Vardon, Ted Ray, Macdonald Smith and Tommy Armour does not take kindly to the thought that seven of the eight Ryder Cup matches since World War II have been won by the Americans. On the eve of this year's Open it is almost a foregone conclusion that only Rees has a fighting chance of bringing home the championship. The favorites have to be found among the foreigners: the Australians Kel Nagle, who won in 1960, and Thomson, who has won it four times since 1954; South African Gary Player, who won it in 1959; and the strong group of American invaders, among whom are Jack Nicklaus, Gene Littler and Defending Champion Arnold Palmer.

There is no great mystery about the lack of top tournament players in Britain these days. There simply aren't enough

tournaments, nor is there enough prize money, to make tournament play a lucrative full-time profession. In the first place, the season can't begin until late March, when the days in this far northern latitude become long enough, and by early October the season must end for the same reason. During those six months of 1962 the British PGA will sponsor only 12 tournaments, with total prize money of around \$280,000. The really dedicated tournament pros can fill out their empty days with a few pro-ams, or travel to the Continent to compete in the six or seven tournaments in western Europe that complement the British schedule. When you recall that the ambitious touring pros in our country compete in 30 to 40 tournaments a year and don't feel they have had a successful season unless they win \$15,000 or more, it isn't difficult to understand why so

few topflight young players are coming out of the professional ranks in Britain.

But there is another conspicuous difference between the American and British professionals, and it was especially noticeable at the Dunlop tournament. Because a prolonged drought had baked Wentworth fairways into the consistency of a macadam road, it was possible to use a full drive off the tees on only about half a dozen holes. This is not necessarily typical of all British courses at all times, but there is no question that they are a lot tighter than those that our pros play on, and the rough is infinitely more severe. So the premium on accuracy is a lot higher, and you won't find any big hitters in Britain who can put the ball out alongside the likes of Nicklaus, Palmer, Souchak and Bayer.

Another important American shot that would be of little use to the British

AUSTRALIAN PETER THOMSON (LEFT), WITH \$10,000 WON, IS LEADER ON BRITISH PRO TOUR. CONTENDERS ARE BRITAIN'S BERNARD



pro is the charging approach to the green—the middle or short iron that is hit right to the pin, where it bites into the green and stops within a couple of feet of where it lands. On most British courses in midsummer that same shot would bounce off into a tangle of gorse and take a lot of recovering. The British have to learn to run the ball up to the hole and risk a few wayward bounces that are strictly a matter of luck. When they meet the Americans on the bigger, longer courses, where the greens are soft enough to hold a crisp approach shot, they are playing under a pretty severe handicap.

A poor man's tour

But more than anything, the major problem of the British tournament pro is economic. Peter Thomson, who has been an off-and-on competitor on the American tour for some years, was ex-

pounding on this one afternoon just after the Dunlop Masters. "The British circuit has been pretty much of a poor man's tour compared to America," he was saying. "It just hasn't been possible for the young players to rely on their tournament winnings, so they have had to hold down teaching jobs at clubs to make ends meet.

"Take last year," Thomson continued. "Out of about a dozen tournaments Nagle won four, I won four and Palmer won one. All of us are playing full-time tournament golf. Now, that didn't leave much prize money to be split up among the young British players, so it gets to be a kind of vicious circle. They can't compete full time unless they can win some money, and they can't win much money if they can't compete full time.

"Things are improving, though. Last year the British PGA formed a tourna-

ment committee for the first time, and there is a big effort to find more sponsors and bigger purses. A couple of the cigarette firms have put up £8,000 in prize money for their tournaments, and the other purses are beginning to grow."

Whatever good this will do is still some distance in the future. Right now only a few of Britain's most promising pros, like David Thomas, Guy Wolstenholme, Peter Mills and Bernard Hunt, are devoting themselves entirely to tournament golf. Next year America is likely to see them in Atlanta during the Ryder Cup matches, along with such other prospects as Neil Coles and Brian Huggett. But we can't speak of them in the same breath with Palmer and Nicklaus and Player until they have a chance to toughen their golf in the kind of nerve-racking, money-laden atmosphere that has produced our current champions. **END**

HUNT (CENTER), VETERAN RYDER CUP PLAYER, AND THOMSON'S COUNTRYMAN, KEL NAGLE, WHO WON BRITISH OPEN IN 1960



2,600 MILES OF HELL

The bikes are spider-light and spit-shine clean, and as they spin along the roads of France they twinkle merrily and make a singing sound. Less merry are the riders. Day after day, working grimly, they pursue a rider wearing the "maillot jaune," the yellow jersey honoring the man who leads the pack in total elapsed time. The jersey changes hands; on the opposite page it is worn by Jacques Anquetil, who has won the Tour twice. Behind the leaders come some 150 riders, packing the road, legs pumping, breath rasping, as hills and mountains, plains and valleys, villages and cities roll away beneath their wheels. From start to finish 2,600 miles must be pumped away—three weeks of riding before those legs, shaved smooth, massaged each day, can come to rest at last while France cheers the winner of the longest and hardest race in the world.





Brief coolness of a looming overhang, stone bridge above swift



waters, road rising, rising: the Maritime Alps are a racers' curse.





Glimpse of bikinis on a balcony in Juan-les-Pins, a Riviera souvenir for hours to come.



Heat of midday, and a blessed shower (left) from a fire hose in a small town.

Mountains, more mountains; a helping hand: illegal, but no one complains.



In an agony of sweat and blood the Spaniard, Luis Otano, races on after a bad fall.

In a ring of admirers Charly Gaul (right) of Luxembourg autographs a fan's knee.

AGASINS
LIMENTATION





If they run out of Löwenbräu.....order champagne.

THE HONEST BOOKIE WHO DIDN'T LIKE BANKS

The discovery that Newsboy Moriarty left \$2,590,525.52 lying around in garages prompts some recollections of his career by a man who used to bet with him and now wants his \$10 back

by JIMMY BRESLIN



continued

Last Saturday afternoon Mr. Joseph (Newsboy) Moriarty and the rest of the boys from No. 4 Wing of the New Jersey State Prison in Trenton sat in the recreation hall and watched a movie called *The Shadow of the Cat*. It starred André Morell and Barbara Shelley, and if you want to know what it is about do not ask Newsboy to review it for you. He had other things on his mind.

Through much of last week people in Jersey City, where Newsboy comes from, kept rummaging through garages in which Newsboy, who does not like banks, stores his money. He has been in jail for the last four months, doing a two-to-three year sentence for running a gambling operation. On Tuesday a couple of carpenters found \$2,421,830 of Newsboy's money. The FBI promptly grabbed it. This so aroused the Jersey City police that they went out and, three days later, found \$168,675.52 of Newsboy's money. This made Treasury Department men very mad. They said they wanted to find some of Newsboy's money, too. By week's end, everybody wanted Newsboy's money.

As does the writer. He would like to put in a claim for \$10 of it. The \$10 was bet with Newsboy some years ago, and obviously he never did much more than leave it around in a garage. Now the law enforcement agencies, who never would have paid off if they had booked the bet, are holding the money. We want it back. One of our personal solicitors, Louis Nizer, was directed to spend the week-end mulling over the situation.

He said the government's prior claim might make our position difficult.

The bet was placed one hot afternoon in the summer of 1952. For some reason we had occasion to use the office facilities of a newspaper called the *Jersey Journal*. The editorial office shares the third floor of a building with a loan company. This tells you more about the newspaper business in one sentence than *Editor & Publisher* has in 40 years. Upon leaving the *Journal* that day, we requested the services of a bookmaker. Introductions were made to a man in a saloon located across the street. The play was \$8 to win on a horse called Top String, which was running at New York, and also a \$2 play on 432.

You received 600-to-1 odds on a number at this time. A numbers play involves a bet of anything from a quarter up on what three digits will form the last part of the total pari-mutuel handle figure for

the day at a big New York track. For example, if the handle at Aqueduct is \$2,852,359 then 359 is the winner for the day. It is the poor people's way of betting horses. The numbers volume is huge and it made Moriarty a millionaire. His runners would accept horse bets, and Newsboy himself was not afraid to accept a layoff on anything that moved. But numbers was his life.

The runner in the bar on this day accepted both of these small plays and then left.

"He works for Moriarty," the fellow with us said. "He's a big man around this town."

As the day wore on, Top String did a very bad thing. The horse stopped running somewhere around the eighth pole. And the day's number turned out to be 672. That took care of the \$10.

Later on, in a diner, Moriarty was pointed out. He was a gaunt, lanky man who looked like a ghost and seemed to come out of the wall. He was about to walk right out of the place when we were introduced.

"Uh," he said. Then he turned and left. "He's a millionaire," the one with us said. "They say he has \$30 million cash."

This was as much of Moriarty as anybody ever saw, unless they did a lot of business with him. "I grew up with him," Jersey City Mayor Thomas Ganimi says, "and I never saw him again until he got in the papers with arrests. All I know is that he is the best ad for legalized gambling I can find."

For those who prefer their gambling people to ride Cadillacs, wear hand-stitched suits and be good fellows around a bar, Newsboy Moriarty is a tremendous letdown. Since he started in the business in the 1920's, he has dressed and acted like a drifter. He has never worn a tie and nearly always needs a shave. He wears sports shirts bought in side-street bargain stores and baggy pants and cheap shoes. He could buy a wardrobe with a \$50 bill. His whole life has been dedicated to making people think he had no money.

You could find him, a lot of mornings, eating breakfast at a place in Jersey City called the Excell. Newsboy would come in a few minutes before 6 in the morning and have bacon and eggs and coffee and then order two containers of coffee and two pieces of Danish to take out. He would pay the bill in change and would always tip Steve the

Greek, the counterman, with a quarter. "Where you take the coffee?" Steve was saying to Newsboy when he handed him the containers one morning.

"Factory," Newsboy said.

"You work in the factory?" Steve said.

"Uh huh," Moriarty said.

"Your sister has two thousand dollar with her sometime," Steve said.

"Uh," Newsboy said. Then he left. He never liked to fool around about money.

He spent more than 25 years taking chances—big chances—to get money. He lived in constant fear of the holdups he often was hit with in recent months. So he dressed like a bum and went around like a phantom to protect his money. But the pressure broke him and he left the money in garages. Now he is 52 and he has to sit in the No. 4 Wing at the state penitentiary in Trenton, and guys who never took a chance on handling a bet are going around and finding his millions and taking them away from him.

The story of Newsboy Moriarty is one of the strangest the world of gambling ever produced. He is about the last of the old-time Irish gambling operators. He ran a business with no underworld partners, and he needed no muscle men to keep going. And he loved to take a chance. When somebody gave Newsboy a dangerous amount of money to handle on a single number, he would say, "Lights out!" and jam it into his pocket and lay it off with nobody, and if the thing hit he was there that night with a small, sealed yellow envelope that contained the right count.

He started in life selling newspapers, then began to pick up bets as a sideline. On January 13, 1935 operators in New Jersey were crushed by a heavy winning play on 113. The resident Jersey City man, Frank Paula, was a bit slow on the pay. This aroused many citizens. When this news reached city hall it shocked Mayor Frank ("I am the law") Hague. The mayor, acting with the full power and majesty of his office, decreed that henceforth nobody was going to pull a runcut on his constituents. He named Moriarty as the new man in charge.

"I pay the winner and I always pay," Newsboy always said. "But the winner only."

There was no bending of this code. A guy named Eugene could have written you a book on that a couple of years ago. He hit Newsboy for \$1,000, but before he could collect he was plucked up

continued



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that's why the cost is half to a third that of life-long insurance. ¶ When you want to add savings and borrowing values later on, then you simply change all or part of your term policy to an Occidental plan that includes these extra advantages. No medical examination will be required when

OCCIDENTAL LIFE

you make the change. ¶ Ask for "Insurance Advice For Young Fathers"—Occidental's new booklet on ways to keep insurance protection high, insurance costs low. Write to Horace Brower, Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, 1153 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 15, Calif. Or ask your Occidental representative. He will be happy to give you a free copy.

by police in New York on some kind of charge and was put in jail when he couldn't come up with the fine. Eugene's wife went around to collect the money from the bet to spring him, but she couldn't get a quarter.

"I pay the winner," Newsboy said. He didn't move.

Neither did Eugene. He had to sit it out in the can for five days. When he

church with a friend of his named Eddie and he looked at the statue.

"What do you think of it?" Newsboy said.

"Fine," Eddie said. "Now let's go inside for the dedication service."

"Oh, I can't do that," Newsboy said. "I got work to do."

"Joe, this is something you're supposed to be here for yourself," Eddie said.

"I'm too busy," Newsboy said. He got

that it didn't mean as much as an arrest.

The money would be in stacks around his house and often he would ask his sister, Eleanor. "How much did you take?"

She would hold her thumb and index finger a little apart.

"Oh, about this much," she'd say. "About an inch and a half."

"That's all right," Moriarty would say. "That's only about \$500."

Eleanor would take the money out and give it away.

Mark Simon



"He began to throw money at them because he had so much of it."

finally got out and came back to Jersey City, Newsboy had the \$1,000 waiting for him.

"Thanks, I just had to do five days on account of this," Eugene said.

"Supposin' I give it to your wife and she never gets it to you?" Newsboy said. "Now at least you got it."

Newsboy worked 18 hours a day, seven days a week on his business. He spent his time parking old cars in front of places, going inside and then going out the back doors and getting into another old car on the next block and going away. He had no other life. A big night for him was to take his girl friend, Ann Petrick, on the bus to 42nd Street in Manhattan to see a movie. But he was strong on giving to his church.

A couple of years ago he donated a shrine to Our Lady of Fatima to St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church in his neighborhood. The statue alone cost \$8,000. On the day it was dedicated Newsboy was standing in front of the

into his car and drove away. Everybody else went into church.

When his brother Albert died Newsboy put him into a \$7,500 casket, and after he watched it lowered into the ground he said he was going to work.

"Listen," a guy said to him, "why don't you learn something from your brother? You live lousy. You've got all that money. Come on down to Key West and sit on the beach and see how people live. You might like it. You might not wind up in one of those boxes so soon."

"After all these years I took building this business, do you expect me to walk away and let somebody grab it?" Newsboy said. "I'm going to work."

He lived in a neighborhood they call Horseshoe. Once it was fashionable, but now it is falling apart, and his apartment in the three-story walkup was cluttered with papers every time the police broke in. He began to throw money at them because he had so much of it

"She was some touch," a guy on Journal Square tells you.

But if somebody tried to rob him, Newsboy would stand up as very few people can. There was one night a year ago when two kids tailed him and then got him in a hallway and pulled guns on him. Newsboy moved between them in the dark hall.

"You'll shoot each other, too," he said. Then he crashed out the door and got away. He would rather take a chance with his life than give up his money in a heist.

A year ago the law got after him again and now he has to sit in No. 4 Wing, and they keep coming around and telling him his money is being found and he sits in his cell and says nothing. But the idea of somebody picking up that money and not standing the risk of a big payoff must be killing Newsboy inside.

You see, nobody has to say, "Lights out!" when he picks up any of Newsboy's money these days.

END



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A scattering of seeds

Except for the fact that the Australian favorite came in first, upsets were the dominant theme in this year's unpredictable Wimbledon

At first glance it might seem that this was the normalist rather than the nuttiest tournament Wimbledon had seen in years. The man who had been planning to win all along, the man who was seeded No. 1, did in fact win, and won easily. In the final match red-haired Rod Laver, now three up on his way to the first Grand Slam in the men's division (Australian, French, English and American championships) since Don Budge's in 1938, gave his upstart Aussie teammate Marty Mulligan a brisk, effortless lesson and walked away with the prize in straight sets, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4.

But Laver's victory was perhaps the only natural phenomenon in the entire freakish tournament. Margaret Smith, the No. 1 women's seed and Australia's second Grand Slam candidate (the only woman to make one was Maureen Connolly in 1953), was tossed out by America's unseeded Billie Jean Moffitt in her very first match. (Although she has been Australia's national champion for three years, Margaret was not allowed to practice with any other Aussies because she is officially ostracized at home for sassing her association.)

Following Smith, other seeds in the tournament drifted away like milkweed on a summer breeze. America's sturdy Chuck McKinley, last year's runner-up and No. 5 on this year's list, bowed in the second round to an unknown English schoolteacher named Michael Harn. Fifteen other American men followed him to oblivion in short order, leaving no representative of the U.S. in the quarter-finals for the first time within memory. The top foreigners did little better. Italy's Nicola Pietrangeli was cut down by England's Alan Mills in an early round, India's Ramanathan Krishnan, seeded No. 4 but hobbled by a wrenched ankle, defaulted to Australia's Dr. John

Fraser (Neale's kid brother) in their first set. Another temporary cripple, No. 2 seed Roy Emerson, retired to Marty Mulligan because of a sore toe. New heroes, like Florida's rangy Frank Froehling, the only American to last three rounds, and Mexico's darting Rafael Osuna, who delighted the crowd with his fantastic agility, appeared briefly in place of the old, then faded as fast.

Revelations

Fickle fortune was just as apparent on the distaff side. In mid-tournament, for instance, there came the incredible revelation that England's tall, blonde Christine Truman, who has been ranked among the world's top 10 women for the past four years, is almost totally blind in one eye and has been since birth. This closely guarded secret, suddenly revealed by her mother, explained Christine's third-round loss to Australia's young Lesley Turner, but it threw her 1958 Wightman Cup defeat of Althea Gibson and her near victory at Wimbledon last year into a new and remarkable perspective.

Another startling Wimbledon revelation was the reappearance, after a year's absence due to hepatitis, of the former stars, friends and rivals: Darlene Hard and Maria Bueno, seeded respectively No. 2 and No. 3. Darlene had sacrificed her blonde hair to a bottle of brunette dye and with it, apparently, her game. She went out in the quarter-finals to an unseeded Czechoslovakian worker who looked for all the world like the flag bearer in a Communist poster and who turned out to be the heroine of the British tournament. After dismissing Darlene with an impassable kind of sturdy, Slavic tennis, the Czech girl, kindly, square-faced Vera Sukova, who is 10 years older than her husband and

still beats him on the courts, went on to demolish Maria.

Still looking tense and drawn from her illness, Bueno was anything but her old self. What admiration the former champion earned at Wimbledon this year was less for tennis than for a rainbow array of panties in hues that ranged from red through green to purple and finally, in her match with Sukova, to a fluorescent pink that had the crowd giggling and guffawing every time she stooped over. The more the crowd laughed and the more returns the stolid Sukova banged back over the net, the angrier Maria got. The Czech beat her in straight sets. Maria stalked off the court with a muttered "Just one of those things" and Sukova went back to her hotel to wash out her own (white) panties and the single pair of socks she wore (for luck) every day of the tournament.

One by one, as relentlessly as a commissar cleaning house on orders from Moscow, Vera, who took up tennis after breaking an arm in basketball, liquidated her adversaries. Australia's No. 2-ranked Jan Leane, defending Wimbledon champion Angela Mortimer, Hard and Bueno, until she reached the finals. There, in the biggest anticlimax of the ancient tournament's most surprisingly prosperous season (300,000 fans in 13 days), she was defeated by pretty, blonde Karen Hantze Susman, the 19-year-old American bride whose tennis up to now has consisted of more promise than performance. The anticlimax lay in the fact that Sukova had twisted her ankle on a hotel carpet and found it hard to move around, giving Karen a win that was almost by default. In a tournament full of freakishness this was the unkindest cut of all, both to the victor, who deserved competition, and the loser, who deserved a chance.

END



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Maneuvering for Minneapolis

The world of tournament players is a continent-wide expanse of narrow enclaves linked by a most remarkably active grapevine. In recent weeks the grapevine has been humming with news of new lineups for the Summer National Championships, which begin in Minneapolis on July 28.

Most startling, perhaps, is the word that Marshall Miles of San Bernardino, Calif., who won the two top events of this tournament last year, will be defending both titles with a new partner. It is no secret that the spectacularly successful combination of Miles and Philip Feldesman of New York—winners of the Life Masters Pair event the first time they ever played together—fizzled in the World Pair Olympiad in Cannes, for which their U.S. victory had qualified them. While each warmly praises the other as a great player, both are revering with relief to more familiar partners. Feldesman will play with Ira Rubin of Fairlawn, N.J., with

whom he will also defend his Men's Pair title won last year. Miles will play with Edwin Kantar of Los Angeles, his most frequent partner, with whom he—along with Andrew Gabilovich of Silver Spring, Md. and William Root of New York—won the Spingold Trophy for the Life Masters Knockout Team championship.

With Harold Ogust and Boris Keytchou unable to play in Minneapolis in their accustomed places on my team, I have taken advantage of the availability of Bill Root and of my good friend John Gerber of Houston, who has agreed to come out of virtual retirement. Root and Gerber will pair up to join Howard Schenken, Peter Leventritt, Helen Sobel and me. Oddly enough, Johnny has never won a major national championship, in spite of such brilliance as he displayed in this deal (left) defending against South's four-spade contract.

It looked to Gerber (West) as if somebody had rung in a pinocchio deck. (The fact was, of course, that South had overbid.) Gerber realized that his partner held very little, if anything.

After winning the club king, Gerber shifted to a trump, and East's jack went to South's queen. Declarer returned a trump and daringly finessed dummy's 8. When this won, he returned a low heart, and the jack felled West's 10. Before rushing over to dummy with another trump, declarer saw the possible need for a second reentry, so he laid down the king of diamonds. If Gerber had taken the trick, the hand would have been made, but Johnny realized that the reentry value of dummy's diamond queen was more important than its trick-winning value. He ducked the king, playing the ace on declarer's diamond continuation.

Gerber led a trump and declarer was in dummy for the last time. He could discard a heart on the established queen of diamonds, but this didn't help him. East covered the lead of the heart queen to force South's ace, and declarer ended up with two losing hearts.

Had Gerber taken the first diamond, declarer could have reached dummy with the queen for another heart lead to his 8, and East would have been held to a single heart trick.

EXTRA TRICK

Almost always it pays to capture a high card with an ace rather than concede that trick and permit a lead toward another high card, but that phrase, "almost always," is well worth remembering.

END

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NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
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1 N.T.	PASS	5♥	PASS
4♣	PASS	PASS	PASS

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TRADEMARK

He may be 42 or 55, but his sidearm fast ball has the hum of youth about it. At an age when most ballplayers have retired, Diomedes Olivo comes on strong for the Pirates

An elderly Diomedes in the big show

In 1959 Dick Stuart, the Pittsburgh Pirates' nonconformist first baseman, returned from the Dominican Republic Winter League and described to Pirate brass an elderly left-handed pitcher he had seen there. "I told them I'd been hitting against this guy for three years down there and I got two hits off him," says Stuart. "I told them, 'Sign this guy!' But you know how it is with me. Anything Stuart says around here, they say forget it."

Not until a year later, after a Pirate scout saw Stuart's man pitching in Poza Rica, Mexico, did the club sign him, and not until this season did he win a Pirate uniform. Today he is anywhere between 42 and 55 years old and is, as of this moment, the National League's leading candidate for Rookie of the Year. Burrel-chested Diomedes Antonio Olivo has made the grade, all right, and is playing the game with the exuberance of a kid. "Like big league?" he replies to a question. "Whooooo!"

Diomedes, who pronounces his name Dix-omedes, is an old dairy farmer from the Dominican Republic and for nobody knows how many years has been pitching baseball and softball—yes, softball—in Latin America. He smiles irrepressibly at box-seat fans and enemy players but can speak almost no English. Opposing hitters, for their part, would like to know what language he is pitching in. When earned run averages were tallied up last weekend Diomedes Olivo's stood at 1.98. Three weeks ago he pitched in eight of the nine games Pittsburgh played.

"Listen, that guy is older than Satchel

Paige," says Johnny Logan, the Pirate utility infielder, who has been in the major leagues for 11 years. Logan belonged to Evansville of the Three-I League when he first met Diomedes. "I played with him in the Puerto Rican Winter League in 1947," says Logan, "and he was a veteran then." When asked his age, Diomedes arches his eyebrows, crinkles his nose, tosses his head and says, "Oooooh, 43." Few believe him.

Standing 6 feet 1 and weighing 197 pounds, Diomedes has high cheekbones and an instant grin. Entering the clubhouse, he beams at his locker. He then beams at teammates sitting glumly in their undershorts and garters. He beams at clubhouse attendant Bo Hallahan. Of Hallahan, Olivo makes only one request—chewing gum. Diomedes does not know the word gum; he just beams at Hallahan and says, "Chick-lett?"

Of Trainer Danny Whelan he asks no rubdowns, no pills, no tonics for his old bones. "He just wants a little liniment if it's a cold day," says Whelan. "I'll tell you—that guy would like to play in a triple-header. He'd pitch the first two games and play outfield in the third. When he doesn't get into a game he gets mad."

When beckoned from the bullpen Diomedes does not trudge to the mound, head down, he marches forward in long, vigorous strides, as if to the roll of drums. Shortstop Dick Groat, who tries to be helpful to oncoming rookie pitchers, says:

"All he wants to know is, 'How many out?' What is name of batter?"

After blazing a sidearm fast ball past

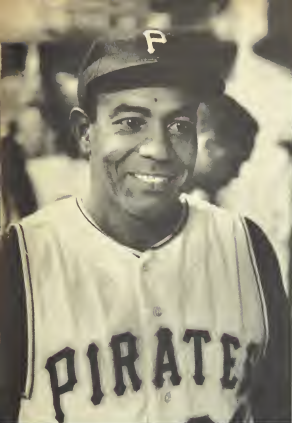
the batter, Diomedes celebrates riotously, pounding his glove and stomping around the pitcher's mound in a quick circle. No sooner has the batter looked up than Diomedes is swooping down on him again with his next pitch. "That old man works so fast," says one Pirate official, "that he had Pinson and Robinson and the rest of those Reds batting from the dugout."

Diomedes takes immense pride in his ability to swing a bat, having failed to learn, apparently, that pitchers aren't supposed to know how. "Murtaugh pulled him for a hitter in Cincinnati," remarks Pirate Pitcher Bob Friend, "and he was mad. He said, 'I hit, Manager. I pull ball to right.'"

On Memorial Day Diomedes hit a pop-up that Cardinal Shortstop Julio Gotay misjudged in shallow center field. From the crack of the bat Diomedes lit out for first base in his matchless gait, running with the form of a hurdler who has been told that he must now run under the hurdles. Rounding first base, Diomedes broke for second and would have surged on had Coach Ron Northey not screamed at the top of his lungs, making him stop.

The next night Murtaugh called Diomedes from the bullpen with two out in the ninth inning. Pittsburgh led 5-4, but the Cardinals had runners on first and third. Bill White, hitting .285, stepped to the plate.

Diomedes flung himself into a furious windmill windup, then cut loose with a letter-high, down-the-middle pitch. It floated up to White like the *Graf Zeppelin*. White watched the pitch go by in



THE OLDEST ROOKIE IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES, HAS LOTS TO SMILE ABOUT THESE DAYS

disbelief. He then swung at two low-
outside pitches, missing both by half the
length of his bat, and Diomedes galloped
off the mound laughing. White slammed
his bat to the ground and later issued a
one-word comment: "Amazing."

A St. Louis sportswriter, pantomim-
ing to make himself understood, asked
Diomedes in the Pirate clubhouse what
type of pitch had been used to finish
White.

"Screw," said Diomedes.

"Screwball?"

"Yes. Screw."

Moments later, a Pittsburgh writer

appeared. "You strike him out with a
curve, Diomedes? Curve?"

"Yes. Curve."

Off to the side, Second Baseman Bill
Mazeroski grunted. "He don't know
what he throws. He struck out White
with a slider."

Trainer Whelan sat down on the edge
of a trunk and said, "He's the greatest.
You put him in the game to mop up with
an 8-1 lead and he sits on the bench
cheering. He yells to our hitters, 'Come,
boy! Come!'"

Back home in Guayubén, Dominican
Republic, Rookie Olivo owns 500 acres

of pasture, 50 cows and 200 acres on
which he plans to build a small housing
development. He labored hard over the
decades, milking cows and pitching base-
balls, and though he received occasional
feckers from big-league clubs, he turned
them down. For one thing, he had no
taste for working his way up through
the minors; then, too, he feared being
shipped to a segregated southern town and
felt his ignorance of English would
make life doubly hard.

Even after the Pirates persuaded Di-
omedes to sign a contract late in 1960, he
failed to report to spring training. The
Pirates finally sent a wire: REPORT TO
TRAINING CAMP AT ONCE. The other
day Diomedes explained through an in-
terpreter that it was the wire that con-
vinced him he was wanted in the U.S.

The Pirates shipped the callow youth
to Columbus, Ohio for seasoning, and
there he worked in 42 games, finishing
the season with a splendid 2.88 earned
run average. Last year he worked 66
games, cut his ERA to 2.01 and was
named most valuable pitcher in the In-
ternational League.

Through his interpreter (Pirate Pitch-
er Alvin O'Neal McBean of the Virgin
Islands) Diomedes explained how it felt
to finally make the big leagues this year.
He was as proud, he said, as he had been
on high school commencement day. In
spring training Diomedes' eyes popped
the first time he spied Stan Musial, his
manhood idol, lounging by a batting
cage. Nudging Sportswriter Les Bieder-
man of *The Pittsburgh Press*, Diomedes
pointed to Musial, then to himself, and
said, "Picture?"

Biederman fetched a photographer.
While posing brightly at Musial's side,
Diomedes chirped, "Hundred years."
Musial scowled. "Well, you better be
59, Mister, because all I am is 41."

How long can the old man go on
pitching? Interpreter McBean relays the
question to him, then translates the an-
swer in his own precise English:

"He says he will quit the moment he
loses the zing in his fast ball. He says
it is like being a high-ranking govern-
ment official. One does not wait to be
thrust out under fire. One submits one's
resignation."

END

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'The Pearl'
goes to
a top team

Two young men and a fresh 'big horse' bring off a notable surprise

I must have looked like a crazy man," said Allen Jenkins, the 33-year-old trainer of Beau Purple last week, not long after his horse had won the \$105,200 mile-and-a-quarter Suburban Handicap at New York's Aqueduct racetrack. "Once I saw my horse go under the finish line I started walking around in circles. My mouth was open but I couldn't say anything. My eyes filled up and, oh well, I was just plain flabbergasted."

There were 52,000 other people at Aqueduct who were just as flabbergasted when Beau Purple executed one of the biggest racing upsets of modern times by beating Kelso, Carry Back and Garwol in America's top handicap race—"The Suburban," the late Joe H. Palmer once wrote, "is the pearl of the handicaps. There are a few handicaps with more money. But there is no other with such a whispering down the years—'Henry of Navarre, Ben Brush, Hildane, Friar Rock, Grey Lag, Crusader, Equipoise, Eight Thirty, Armed, Assault.' [Also Tom Fool, Nashua, Bold Ruler, Sword Dancer and Kelso himself.] There's no owner with money enough to stay in the game, but would rather have the Suburban Trophy than a handful of richer races."

The 76th Suburban was primarily to be the meeting ground for Kelso (the only horse since Whirlaway to be twice named Horse of the Year) and Carry Back (one of four horses in history ever to win over \$1 million). Both Kelso and Carry Back ran well, but Beau Purple, abetted by Allen Jenkins and Bill Boland—the most successful trainer and jockey team in racing this year—stole the race.

When Jerkens and Boland started winning races together at last winter's Tropical Park meeting in Florida hardly an eyebrow was raised. After all, Tropical is one of the smaller racing rooms. This spring, however, they began to get winners in the biggest room of all, Aqueduct. In the first nine days of the meeting they won eight races and by the time the meeting had ended, Jerkens led all the trainers with 31 winners, and Boland had ridden 28 of them. When the horses moved to Belmont Park, Jerkens again led the trainers with 11 winners and Boland was on five of them. A bad spill, which set him afoot for a week, cost him more.

A big horse

At the end of last week Jerkens, with 46 winners, was high atop the trainers' standings with no one even close to him, and Boland, who had been depressed and singularly unsuccessful for the last two seasons in New York, was the third-leading rider, with 63 winners.

While Boland and Jerkens were certainly winning races this year, they still needed a "big horse" to focus national attention on them. A month ago Jack Dreyfus Jr., a Wall Street broker, gave them that big horse, Beau Purple, a 5-year-old brown stallion. Beau had won the Derby Trial in 1960 but injured himself and never got to the Derby. In 1961 he couldn't win in four starts, and this season he couldn't beat top company or stretch himself out over a distance greater than a mile and one-eighth.

Stretching horses out and moving them up in company has been one of Jerkens' trademarks since he began training in 1950 at the age of 21. In May 1955 he claimed a horse named War Command for \$8,000. War Command had trouble going a mile and one-sixteenth but Jerkens kept extending him, and at the end of 1955 War Command won the two-mile-and-one-sixteenth Display Handicap, Jerkens' first stake win. Late in 1955 Jerkens claimed Admiral Vee for \$7,500 and won over \$250,000 with the colt.

In the last few seasons Jerkens' reputation was growing, and Jockey Boland's was diminishing. This same Boland, at the age of 17, had won the 1950 Kentucky Derby and the Belmont Stakes with Middleground. "I didn't know," he says today, "the importance of winning a Derby then. I guess about two weeks later it struck me and I woke up in the middle of the night and said, 'Oh! my God! Oh, my God! I won the Derby.'"

continued



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HORSE RACING *continued*

The Kentucky Derby of 1959, however, gave Boland only bad dreams and gave others some bad ideas about him. Riding Sword Dancer, Boland pulled alongside of Tony Lee and Willie Shoemaker at the five-sixteenths pole. Shoemaker hollered, "Good luck, Bill, go get it." Boland did not get it. Shoemaker kept riding and won over Boland by a desperate nose. "I never got to ride Sword Dancer again," says Boland. "I was hurt and bothered."

He went back to New York after the Derby, didn't ride well at all and decided to move to Hollywood Park in California. He finished fourth in the jockey standings there, but when he returned to New York in July he again slumped badly. In August at Saratoga he won only four races in four weeks.

"When the entries came out"

It got tougher year by year for Boland to get good mounts. Of the 297 stake races run in this country in 1961 with values of \$20,000 or over, Boland rode in only 34. Average odds on a Boland horse were 26 to 1, and 15 of them finished last or next to last. He won but one.

Last Thursday morning Boland was asked by a young apprentice boy, "When did you think you had the Suburban won?" Boland smiled and said, "When the entries came out."

Actually when the entries did come out, Boland and Jerkens sat down over their morning breakfast in the backstretch restaurant at Aqueduct and plotted their strategy. "We'll go to the front," said Jerkens. "But, Bill, what will you do if Garwol tries to run with you?"

"Run him down," said Boland. "I don't think that he has as much speed as Beau Purple. I don't think he can stay with Beau Purple."

When the gate opened in the Suburban, Beau Purple slammed against the side of his stall but Boland pushed his mount to the lead. At the end of six furlongs Beau Purple was three lengths in front, carrying the target and the opposition waited for Beau Purple to come back. Beau Purple never did come back and won by two and one-half lengths in 2:00 3-5, track record time. Boland and Jerkens got the national attention they deserved and everyone knew that the best trainer-jockey combination around today had stolen one of racing's most prized trophies—and a little matter of \$68,380, as well.

END



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U.S.-U.S.S.R. TRACK

continued from page 15

longer than the best Ralph Boston has achieved this year. But Boston holds a psychological edge over Ter-Ovanesyan, as Brunel does over Thomas.

For the first time in Russian-American dual meets the Russian team should finish one-two in the decathlon. Rafer Johnson has retired and Phil Mulkey, Johnson's likely successor, did not qualify. This leaves the field open for two Russians: Vasil Kuznetsov, who has scored 8,357 points in this event, and Yuri Kutenko, who must be rated much better than either U.S. entry. The decathlon, of course, fits the Russian temperament neatly; it is an event in which meticulous attention to detail is often more rewarding than élan or explosive energy.

This Russian attention to the fine points of athletics has paid off, too, for the Russian sprinters. Russian authorities believe that their sprinters are as good as any in the world. This is not so. But Russian attention to the mechanics of starting has developed new, young dash men who get off the blocks almost as fast as Germany's Armin Hary; so, however, do America's Roger Sayers, Bob Hayes and Paul Drayton. And, in spite of Russian claims to the contrary, all three American sprinters are moving more rapidly than their Russian counterparts in the closing yards of both the 100 and 200 meters. The sprints, because of the improved Russian start, should be closer, but should end, as usual, one-two for the U.S.

From 400 through 1,500 meters, the Soviet team is simply no match for the U.S. Probably never in the history of world track has one nation had so clear an advantage in the quarter mile as the U.S. has today. All of our great 400-meter runners at this distance are young—and superbly fast. Ullis Williams, a 20-year-old, has run 46.0; Ray Saddler, barely 19, has done 46.2. None of the Russians has been—or will be—within a second of these times in the meet in Palo Alto. That, of course, bodes ill for the Russian 1,600-meter relay team, which may finish so far back that the Americans will have put on their sweat suits before the Russians finish.

Although the American sprinters, man for man, are faster than their Russian adversaries, the 400-meter relay could be an upset. The Russian relay team has worked together for months to sharpen the split-second efficiency of their baton-

passing; the Americans, against Poland, passed with leisurely attention to avoidance of a foul, giving away almost a full second to make sure they would not be disqualified. With only a brief time to become accustomed to one another, it is unreasonable to expect that they will improve spectacularly in passing. If they do not, the Russians can gain two yards or more per baton pass, possibly enough to prove that the race will go to the better passers, not the better runners.

At 800 meters, Jerry Siebert and Jim Dupree of the U.S. are both faster and smarter than the Russian duo of Abram Krivosheyev and Valeri Bulshchev. The Russians are pattern runners in this race, as they are in most of the longer distances. Left alone to set and maintain their own pace, they perform creditably, although not as well as the Americans. In a tactical race—and this is likely to be one—they do not react well when someone else sets a faster early pace than they prefer, or begins a finishing kick before they are ready.

A shoe-in

The same, of course, holds true in the 1,500 meters, a distance at which American runners are rapidly overtaking the rest of the world. With the superlative tactical sense developed in Jim Beatty and Jim Grelle by the cunning expatriate, Hungarian Mihály Igloi, you would have to pick the U.S. entry to finish one-two, even if their times were not appreciably better than the Russians'. When you combine this with their superior basic speed it becomes immediately apparent that this race is a shoe-in for the U.S.

At 5,000 meters, the principal question is how much age has withered the undeniable talents of Russia's 10,000-meter Olympic champion, Pyotr Bolonikov. He has not run particularly well this season; if he does not bring himself up to at least a reasonable semblance of his 1960 form, indefatigable little Max Truex, improving steadily under Igloi's tutelage, might very well defeat him. Again, this will be a tactical race; Truex failed in tactics against the Poles, allowing himself to be boxed by the No. 2 Polish 5,000-meter runner at the very moment the best Pole bid for an untouchable lead.

At 10,000 meters, the Russians appear too strong, although Peter McArdle, a bald 32-year-old who has just received his American citizenship after five years here from Ireland, gives the U.S. more strength than usual in this event.

Of course, in all the races from 800 to

10,000 meters, including the 3,000-meter steeplechase (in which the U.S.S.R. is easily preeminent), the U.S. runners can look forward to a steaming pace from the outset. The Russians seldom win a race on a fast finish; they prefer to deprive the competition of a kick by wearing them out with a violent early effort.

In the hurdle races, Jerry Tarr and Hayes Jones are the world's best at 110 meters; as the Americans battle for first at the finish, the Russians may well be still clearing the final hurdle. And Rex Cawley and Willie Atterberry, although their margin of victory may be more precarious, are strong enough for a sweep in the 400-meter hurdles, especially since the Russians are used to following a set strategy in this race and cannot respond to a variance in pattern.

The Russian pole vaulters, like most Europeans, have adopted the fiber-glass pole, but they have not converted to it as readily as has Ron Morris, who was the most consistent American vaulter on steel and is the most consistent now on fiber glass. Nor can the Russians match with fiber glass the heights of the last of our steel pole users, John Cramer.

On paper, Russian discus thrower Vladimir Trusenyev, who held the world record at 202 feet 2½ inches until Al Oerter broke it against the Poles, appears almost the equal of Oerter and easily better than Rink Babka, America's No. 2. But Trusenyev has accomplished his best throws in small district meets, Oerter and Babka respond best to the pressure of big meets—they finished one-two in the 1960 Olympics, for example.

As for the rest of the field events, our shotputters are unbeatable, our hop, step and jump competitors are a small step behind the Russians and our javelin throwers are 20 feet short.

The women? We're improving. If Wilma Rudolph returns to form, we could win both sprints and the women's sprint relay. Leni Bennett set an American record in the 800-meter run in Chicago, but the same time would leave her some 40 yards behind the best Russian. Earlene Brown is still redoubtable in the shot and the discus and Olga Connolly is better than Earlene in the latter event, but Russia holds world records in these events, as indeed it does in most women's track and field competition.

We will, of course, win the men's competition. We won't be disgraced in the women's. But even if the men's team score is not close, most of the races very probably will be. **END**

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Lockwrist and Cage Cases



Strange afflictions strike the golfer, poor man, the moment he takes his putter in hand. The worst sufferers, strangely enough, are found among the pros. Even the masters of the game from tee and fairway and trap and rough turn into radishes on the greens

BY DAN JENKINS

The devoted golfer is an anguished soul who has learned a lot about putting, just as an avalanche victim has learned a lot about snow. He knows he has used putters with straight shafts, curved shafts, shony shafts, dull shafts, glass shafts, oak shafts and Great-uncle Henry's old pool cue, which he found in the attic. Attached to these shafts have been putter heads made of large lumps of lead ("weight makes the ball roll true," salesmen explain) and slivers of aluminum ("lightness makes the ball roll true," salesmen explain) as well as every other substance harder than a marshmallow. He knows he has tried 41 different stances, recommended by everyone from the club pro to a local tea-leaf reader, and as many different strokes. But above all he knows he is trapped. He can't putt, and he never will. He would like to bury his head in the dirt and live the rest of his life as a radish.

If only, he thinks to himself, I had the putting confidence, savoir faire, élan and ability of those touring pros. They win those big checks every week and wear those flowered coats, beltless slacks and dinosaur-skin shoes. They must know how to putt. Right?

Well, listen to this. When it comes to putting, nobody equals the pros for feelings of insecurity, inferiority, ineptitude and plain old fear. Despite anything you may pretend to have seen at tournaments, or on television, the pros are certain they can't putt any better than the Rotary Club of Mineral Wells, Texas. Maybe worse, they claim, maybe worse. And if you heaped up all of their theories on the capricious craft, the mountain would awe Sir Edmund Hillary.

"Who told you I was a good putter?" said Jack Burke Jr. at a recent tournament where a number of pros were

lured into discussing this touchy topic: "Man, I'm just an average putter. I've had streaks. We all do. But I'm no superputter or I would have won more tournaments."

Jack Burke has so delicate a touch on the greens that tiny blades of bent grass have been seen to quiver with delight at his approach. But you may consider his remarks typical.

Virtually all of the big-time pros have the same convictions about their putting. It's average. It's streaky. And kindly refrain from inserting them into the same class with Arnold Palmer (or Jack Nicklaus, or whoever just won a tournament).

It is one of the vagaries of golf that while none of the pros wishes to acknowledge he is excellent on the putting surfaces, he will steadfastly refuse to admit mediocrity at playing from tee to green.

Of course that's because the pros are all highly skilled athletes who have conquered the sophisticated timing of golf through hard labor and experiment. They know how to hit the ball perfectly under even the most savage conditions. And on those peculiar occasions when the shot happens to veer off line it has merely encountered cruel interference from that mysteriously unfair force which goes around affecting the flight of golf balls.

"Everyone—for some reason—wants to be known as a great striker of the ball," says Gary Player. "Nobody wants to be called a lucky, one-putting s.o.b." And nobody thinks he is. It was Gary who walked off the 18th after a televised match with Arnold Palmer last year and complained dismally to a friend, "From tee to green I was never better, never better. But I couldn't make a putt, and that Arnold was knocking them in from 40 feet." Five minutes later Player was gone and Palmer appeared. "I don't understand it," he groaned. "Every time Gary reached for his putter the ball was in the hole, and I couldn't sink a thing."

Unfortunately, the man on the PGA tour who is winning the most money—in any given season—usually carries the unflattering identification mentioned by Player.

"Just go down the money list," says Bob Goalby, a temperamental fellow who claims to have tried out 25 different putters in the past couple of years. "The guys who can putt are the guys who win."

Gene Littler says that this is not entirely true. "Goalby isn't a real good putter—and he wins," says Gene. "I believe most of us divide up into two basic groups: the ones who are better players than we are putters and the ones who are worse players than we are putters."

Littler grins. "Naturally I'm a better player than I am a putter."

"Listen," Goalby says, "Littler is a great player. But he is one of the alltime superputters."

Generally the pros believe that the superputters are Arnold Palmer, Billy Casper, Jerry Barber, Dow Finsterwald and Littler. Confront one of them with this informa-

tion, however, and he yelps as if you had trod on his ball in the rough.

"They're drunk if they put me in there," says Jerry Barber, a studious man who holed putts of 20, 40 and 60 feet on the last three holes to tie, then ultimately win the 1961 PGA. "There are three types of putters. Good, very good and super. I am very good. I have had to be. I have worked harder on it. I can't drive the ball and I can't play fairway woods. But I'm no superputter like Palmer."

Palmer squeals like a musical bear that has been stepped on. "Me?" he says. "I will have good putting rounds. But I will also have bad ones—really bad. Now in 1960 I had some fantastic rounds. But I haven't putted that good since. When you talk about Barber, well, you can just put him way out there by himself. The rest of us are back here."

Palmer says, "Finster's a good putter, day in, day out. And Doug Ford. Follow him around and he'll really show you something. I will say this. I don't think my good, or bad, streaks last as long as they do for some others."

Billy Casper modestly says he will yield to Palmer as the greatest putter.

"He makes more big ones that he needs than the rest of us," says Billy. "How else are you going to pick the best putter?"

There are several serious nominations for the worst putter—Jay Hebert, Tommy Bolt, Johnny Pott, Gardner Dickinson, Paul Harney and George Bayer among them.

"I see what you mean," says Gene Littler. "A bad putter who still wins. That's a pretty good list, except for Bayer. George is a worse player than he is a putter."

"And," continues Littler, "Littler ought to be on that list. I had to go to a miniature course and buy a club I could win with." He did that. He bought a putter for a dollar—and won the Lucky International at San Francisco with it.

"Why, that spook," says Goalby. "That just shows Littler can putt with anything." He studied the list of bad putters for a moment.

"This is silly. I've seen every one of those guys get stoop-shouldered taking the ball out of the cup. Take Dickinson. Man, here's a guy who is one of the great putters. If you think he can't putt, you've been listening to him."

This brings tears to poor Gardner Dickinson's eyes.

"Anybody who says I can putt is more of a basket case than I am," he says. Dickinson, of late, has gone to a wide, stiff-legged stance that makes him look like a flamingo with arthritis. "Man," he has told detractors, "I'd putt sitting up in a coffin if I thought I could hole something. My trouble is when I was 14 years old I found out every putt doesn't have to go in the hole. Palmer doesn't know that yet."

Dickinson admits that extreme changes in style and putter are the mark of desperation. Men adopt weird stances and grips, odd-shaped putters and strange practice habits. For

continued

two years Tommy Bolt, who has always been recognized as a brilliant shotmaker, has been using a curved-shaft putter that has the handle bending outward and down to the neck of the club like the stem of a maraschino cherry.

"That's so I can bend it if I get mad," Tommy says. "It costs a hundred, don't you see, if you break a club. This way I can just bend it."

Bolt has another reason for the curved shaft.

"We're trying to hit the ball square, don't you see? Now with this old curved shaft I can get up on top of the ball more and still not be looking back at it."

Dickinson agrees. "You want to hit it square. Get it rolling good toward the hole and then pray. This wide stance looks like it might keep me honest. Keep me from moving. I'm looking for that immovable position Palmer's got."

Hitting the ball square sounds good, but there is at least one man who doesn't believe it can be done. Earl Stewart Jr. now teaches more than he plays, but he always seems to do O.K. when he takes a fling at the tour.

"I don't believe it's humanly possible to hit the ball squarely every time. I think everybody takes it back a little inside or a little outside. The thing you got to avoid is the old freeze," he says. The pros have a phrase for this that makes it sound like a disease: lockwrist. They are the first to admit lockwrist is mainly mental—and occasionally fatal. It finally forced Byron Nelson to quit serious competitive golf at the age of 34, when he probably had many good years left.

"Putting affects the nerves more than anything," Nelson says. "I would actually get nauseated over three-footers, and there were tournaments when I couldn't keep a meal down for four days. Missing a short putt is about the most humiliating thing in the world, because you're supposed to make them."

The late Clayton Heafner so detested putting as part of golf that he used to tell his fellow pros of a great ambition. It was to come down to the final hole of the U.S. Open and be confronted with a one-foot putt to win the title.

Heafner then wanted to take several minutes to line it up. Finally, he wanted to walk up to the ball, backhand it as hard as he could, knock it out of sight and proclaim, "To hell with it."

The man least likely to suffer the slightest case of lockwrist is Arnold Palmer—though he warmed a few hearts recently by four-putting a green at Memphis and did not exactly take Oakmont apart. All of the pros, however, envy Palmer's technique of staying motionless when he stands over a putt. You have probably noticed that when Palmer addresses the putt, pigeon-toed and knees pinched together, nothing moves but the hands and forearms as he strokes it.

All good putters are alike, the pros contend. They have a slow backstroke and they get a definite rap on the ball.

"What you're doing when you putt," says Jerry Barber, "is calling on the years of experience and practice. You're concentrating and you're confident. You hole long ones because you have a putter heavy enough to get the ball to the



hole, you've stroked it nicely enough to give it a good roll, you know the line—and you believe you can do it."

But where does skull stop and luck take over?

"The scoring range," says Jack Burke, "is from 15 feet on. Anything outside of that is plenty of luck."

That could be why so many pros can't estimate the length of their own putts. In almost every tournament a player will tell the press that he missed 10 putts under six feet. And, rather incredibly, the putts that he made seem to shrink in distance.

"We tend to get embarrassed if we hole very many putts of any length," says Jerry Barber. "I suppose it's because so much talk has been circulating about tee-to-green play. It's got to where you have to apologize for making a putt. Silly, isn't it?"

The pros may have noted that Palmer rarely apologizes for making one of his big winning putts.

"He thinks he deserves them," says Goolby. "You see, some guys—him, for instance—have higher standards of putting than the rest of us."

Does Barber believe there is anything to the theory that a man can actually wish a ball into the cup? It was Bob Roebig who observed at the Masters this year that Palmer, coming down the stretch and struggling for a tie, would "stare" the ball into the hole, if there was no other way.

"You definitely have to believe in that," Jerry says. "It helps your confidence."

But if Palmer is so confident, why does he

spend a great deal of time fooling with his putter—changing the grip, bending the shaft, weighting the head, filing, chiseling and nailing?

"He's getting pumped up," says Mike Souchak, an indifferent putter. "He does it to all of his clubs, all the time. The man's got magic in them and he always changes them. Guess he's relaxing his nerves."

Palmer's peculiar habit of reworking his clubs has all of the pros amazed. They could not be more astounded if they learned that Elizabeth Taylor underwent periodic plastic surgery—just for laughs.

Palmer tries to explain it.

"When I've changed putters before, it has always been to another one just like the one I've always used [an old Tommy Armour]. The shaft is so weak I can actually bend it with my hands without any trouble. I'm afraid it'll come apart any minute, I've worked on it so much. I've got a nail driven through the head."

"When I've putted poorly, I need a change. But I've never found another putter I really liked. So I do a little work on the one I've got. I'll reweight it or regrip it to get a slightly different feel, and if that doesn't help, I'll put it back like it was. I could probably leave it alone and the stroke would come back. But in the meantime all I would do is worry. At least in working on the clubs you're keeping busy and it helps you think you're doing something to correct the situation."

Perhaps the most famous putter of all time was Bobby

continued



"Oh, it was nothing, really"

Jones's Calamity Jane, an old, thin blade. It wouldn't work now on the variety of greens the pros see.

"Jones only putted on slick, fast greens," Cary Middlecoff pointed out. "He could use the blade for that. A light putter isn't bad for tournaments like the Open."

But no specific type of putter is going to solve the putting riddle, says Middlecoff.

"I'll guarantee you, you can take a machine that will hit the ball exactly the same way every time and feed it 10 balls to putt at the same cup, the same distance. If the machine holes six of them, it's lucky. Too much can happen to the ball after it leaves the clubhead. The funnest thing throws it off line. I don't know. I've had rounds where I hit every putt poorly and I holed everything. But I've played tournaments where I couldn't make anything and I felt like I was stroking it perfectly."

Another famous putter was Hogan's "doorknob"—a brass, center-shaft thing that actually was made from a doorknob. Hogan used it to win most of his important championships.

"I don't even know where it is now," says Hogan, who has tried a large assortment of clubs and methods in the years since 1953, when he reached his peak.

Aging nerves have deteriorated Hogan's putting, like Nelson's, and his stroke on the greens lately has best been compared to that of a man pushing a mop down a hallway.

"Hogan is a good example of what poor putting does to you," says Gene Littler. "You know about that goofy game he conned us into playing in practice rounds before the '61 Open at Oakland Hills, don't you? Well, you don't count putts or the score on a hole. You get one point for hitting a fairway off the tee, and another point for hitting a green in regulation. And that's it."

Hogan has frequently held court at tournaments during the past few seasons and tried to argue that putting is a different game from the rest of golf. "That's ridiculous," says Finnerwald of Hogan's notion. "You can't separate putting from golf. Hogan didn't want to change anything when he was holed all of those putts."

There are more desperate measures taken on the tour than the practice game invented by Hogan.

Bob Shave Jr. is a man who has used a putter where the shaft adjoins the clubhead at the nose rather than the heel or the center. Moreover, Shave likes to listen to a portable radio playing soft music when he's practicing on the putting green.

Bob Duden, in the quest for hitting it squarely, went to the croquet set, putting between his legs with a club that vaguely resembled an apple pie on a pogo stick. And Freddie Haas went searchingly to the cross-handed grip a few years ago.

"Yeah," says Jack Burke, "it's pure desperation. You'll see a lot of strange things on the tour, because a man gets to be a cage case." There is some reason for this. Doug Sanders has estimated that if he could have sank one more putt a week last year he would have made an extra \$20,000.

Burke seems to harbor a grudge against the inventors of putters. The weird-looking ones sort of happen by accident when the designer is really working on a new trailer-hitch, he hints.

It is said that Joe Turnesa, of the well-known golfing family, once won a tournament on Long Island using a putter no longer than a foot and a half—and putting with one hand, in a low crouch.

Leo Diegel invented the style of pointing both elbows outward, and was recognized as a great putter in his prime. But he finally reached the point where he would have to back away from a putt, almost as if the ball were going to turn into a snake.

"They say he finally would have to go left-handed if he wanted to hit it, because his nerves wouldn't turn him loose," says Cary Middlecoff.

Middlecoff has always been a slow player—and putter. It is rumored that he finally gave up dentistry because no patient could hold his mouth open that long.

"I'll guarantee you a man doesn't realize he's taking a long time on a shot or a putt," says Middlecoff. "Especially when he's playing badly and working to keep that score from romancing with the high 70s." Hogan probably has no idea he's standing over the putt nowadays for 25 or 30 counts like a mesmerized yogi.

Don January is one of the rare players who accept the fact that they are decent putters. "The better the putter, the bolder the player," is a slogan January believes in as strongly as he believes in the overlapping grip.

"When you've got the stroke, you can change a little out there," says Don. "You think it bothers a man like Palmer to blow a hole? He knows he's going to get it back, and then some."

January believes there are men who are afraid to make putts.

"They're afraid to win, I mean," he says. "Especially a big one—like me in the PGA last year. I was afraid to win that dude."

January uses the opposite psychological approach in talking about his putting. "I tell myself all the time that I'm a good putter. Most of the fellows, they like to bleed about it and hope that it will sneak up on them."

"It's superstition," Barber says.

"A lot of the boys are afraid if they talk about their putting the touch will go away. So they keep moaning about it, even when they're putting good. But they're secretly hoping it will stay with them."

Once a pro starts putting badly he is distracted by any little thing. "You're standing over a putt, knowing you're supposed to be concentrating on making it," explains Ken Venturi, "and you find yourself thinking about a guy in a red shirt in the crowd that you can see out of the corner of your eye."

When he starts watching fans in red shirts, his putter

continued



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is near the "crystallizing" point. That's another pro expression. A putter breaks in two when it crystallizes. Of course hammering it on a tee marker or a tree trunk would not have any undue influence on the process at all.

A terrible-tempered man named Ivan Gantz, known to all the pros, has almost had his head crystallized.

"First time I ever saw Ivan," Don January says, "was walking down a fairway in one of my first tournaments. I looked over in another fairway and there he was, with blood streaming down his nose from his forehead. The man had hit himself in the head with his putter."

There are tales of Ivan Gantz leaping head first into a sand bunker because he blew a short putt. It is said Ivan has dived into creeks, banged his head with a stone and rolled over in the grass. Nor are the pros stuffy about Ivan's antics. They understand the fury that consumes him.

Anger is not the only reaction to lockwrist, of course. The pros tell with warm relish of the man who had so much trouble putting he often visualized animals running across a green just as he got ready to stroke the ball. One day he came down to the last hole with a chance to win a tournament. As he got ready to putt a dog ran onto the green. The golfer stopped, frozen with fear, and turned to his playing companion. "Was that a real dog?" he asked.

Curiously, the pros have simple language for explaining

how to putt, even if they can't do it themselves, or won't admit that they can.

"Just get comfortable," says Billy Casper. "Then stroke the putt the best way you can."

"First," says Jack Burke, "get a club that feels right. Keep the head down, take the putter back slowly, and don't worry about where it's going after you stroke it."

"Stay down and don't move," says Palmer. "Get a firm stance, a positive position, and be sure you're getting a good, solid rap on the ball."

"Concentration and confidence," says Jerry Barber.

Still, from time to time nearly all of the pros on the tour have sought out a man named George Low for advice. He bears the reputation of being the world's greatest putter, past and present. A mysterious, somewhat comical figure, he follows the tour but doesn't play. He once did, back in the '40s, but now he has no particular job except to lend advice "for a nominal fee." His hobby is staying out of work and meeting the daily challenge of "hustling, scheming, smoking and drinking."

"If you think that's easy, try it," says George. "But would you care to putt a bit? I'll use a wedge."

Low is a robust man who nearly always wears dark glasses and carries a can of beer, loitering on the terrace of clubhouses. What he really does is sell mallet putters used by

continued



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Putting *continued*

many of the pros, and hustle business for a motel chain.

"Putting is like closing a door," says George. "How do you close a door? You take it back slow and push it through. You don't lift it up and swing it down—like a pendulum. The guys with that pendulum action have got no chance. It's like driving a tack. Slow backstrokes with the hammer and get a solid hit. If you jab at a tack it's got to go crooked."

Quite obviously George Low is not the only man who knows how to putt. "All these jokers can putt or they wouldn't be out here," George says. "But since I ain't got nothing else to do, I can see when their action goes wrong—and help straighten them out."

So most of the pros, then, must be like the man in Miami they laugh about. He threw his putter in the pro shop grab barrel, gave the pro \$5 and took out another one. Only he kept doing it. After 18 different putters—and \$90—he got his old one back. It probably worked fine until it crystallized on him one day when he was taking slow backstrokes with it—on concrete.

"You might as well face it," concludes Bob Rosburg, a man whose theory about a putt is to hit it quick before it hits you. "Putting will always be a mystery. Nobody can tell you why some guys will hole them one day and miss them next."

"I remember once Bud Holscher is playing at Vegas—with Bolt, I think. He is knocking the ball from everywhere for pars, bogeys, anything. Finally he gets to the last green and he is two feet from the hole. He is standing there holding his putter under his arm while trying to find something in his pocket to mark the ball with."

"Somehow he gets all tangled up and drops the club. It falls right on top of the ball—and knocks it in the hole."

As another harried pro summed it up, "If you are destined to make a putt, you are destined to make it, that's all. And if you aren't you just aren't. But why do you want to talk about putting anyway? Did you hear about my round today? Well, from tee to green..."

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loved sports all his life**

by JOHN DURANT

Woodrow Wilson, 28th president of the U.S., had a lifelong interest in sports (as both spectator and participant) and an open-hearted zeal and admiration for the athletic heroes of the college campus and the professional baseball field. "There was something in the stern struggle of strong men that set his blood going," wrote his biographer, Ray Stannard Baker. But he was handicapped by a frail physique, poor eyesight and an attitude that was more intellectual than muscular. Despite this, Wilson was a baseball player, golfer and football coach, although he performed only briefly in these activities (with the exception of golf) and did not shine at any.

His baseball playing career, for instance, was limited to one season—the spring of 1874 when he was a 17-year-old freshman at Davidson College, a small (107 students) Presbyterian school in North Carolina. Tommy, as he was then called (he was christened Thomas Woodrow Wilson), played center field on the college nine. He was an average batter but lacked the competitive spark. "Tommy Wilson," said Team Captain Robert Glenn of the scholarly, languid youth, "would be a good player if he wasn't so damned lazy!" Delicate health rather than laziness was probably the cause of Tommy's indifferent performance. He suffered a near physical breakdown at the end of the school term and remained at home convalescing for more than a year. But he never lost interest in the game. In his senior year at Princeton (1879) he was chosen president of the baseball association, although he was not a player, and later as a professor he delighted in watching "the splendid games . . . between the crack professional nines of the country."

Football captured the interest of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the bespectacled and dignified professor of history at Wesley-

an University. He plunged with enthusiasm into college athletics, became a member of the advisory board and took a hand in coaching the team. It is doubtful if he imparted much technical knowledge to the players, but he was certainly the team's chief exhorter ("Go in to win, don't admit defeat before you start"), and he is credited with helping to turn out a better than average eleven.

Wilson took up golf while teaching at Princeton and continued to play throughout his public life. He played a terrible but good-humored game, never broke 90 and was generally well over 100. Golf to Wilson was a form of exercise rather than a contest, and he was unperturbed by his astronomical scores. Wilson's main golfing companion in Washington prior to his marriage to Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt (her average score: 200) was Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, his personal physician, who insisted that the over-worked President play golf and ride horseback for exercise. Attired in sweater and cap, Wilson would leave the White House in the morning promptly at 8:30, arrive at the golf course 10 minutes later and spend a couple of hours hacking at the ball. He would then drive back to the White House, take a shower and dress for his 11 o'clock appearance at his office.

His nose got in the way

Wilson once said of his game: "My right eye is like a horse's. I can see straight out with it but not sideways. As a result, I cannot take a full swing because my nose gets in the way and cuts off my view of the ball. That is the reason I use such a short swing."

The day after the 1916 election a triumphant Wilson was on the course with Dr. Grayson when they encountered some players near the 18th hole. "How is your game today, Mr. President?" one of them called out. Wilson waved his hand and smiled, "Grayson has me three down, but I don't care. I am four states up on yesterday's election."

Wilson may not have burned with a champion's zeal, but he had fun playing golf, and fun as a sports fan. **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Minnesota Manager Sam Mele was a benevolent liar. Mele thought he detected an abnormal quiet among his players following four straight losses. "So I told them it was my birthday and how about winning one for me," Mele explained. His 40th birthday won't come until January, but the Twins presented him with a 9-0 victory. With Harmon Killebrew hitting less than his weight (200 pounds, about 180 BA) at home this season and with Jack Kralick unable for the 19th and 20th times to complete a game, the Twins dropped four games behind the Indians. Washington, which for weeks was a good-pitch, no-hit team, got an abundance of runs but gave up even more and lost six in a row. Cleveland lost two, then won six. Dick Donovan and Jim Perry pitched shutouts, and Bill Dickey won twice in relief. Don Dillard won two games with last-inning homers, one a grand slam, and Willie Tasby and Gene Green also came through with game-winning hits. No one could match New York's Mickey Mantle (.455 BA, 10 RBIs and seven HRs) and Roger Maris (.281 BA, 14 RBIs and six HRs). In all, the Yankees hit 21 homers, more than any team in either league had hit in any previous week this year. During Mantle's five-week absence the Yanks split 30 games. Since his return they have won 12 of 18, and the team BA, which had been .248, went to .265 during that period. Better yet was Kansas City's hard-to-believe .314 BA for the week. Jerry Lumpe hit .400 and Norm Siebern .462. Still, the Athletics had to struggle to win four of seven as they dropped to ninth place. Los Angeles also fell. After climbing to first place the Angels lost two games to the Red Sox and wound up third. Leon Wagner, who calls himself Daddy Wags, hit four home runs. One-run defeats plagued Detroit Manager Bob Scheffing. His Tigers lost four times, always in the final inning. Three of the losses were by one run. Scheffing, though, could not complain too loudly, his Tigers also won four games, each by one run. Frank Lary, his ailing shoulder apparently no better, was relegated to the bullpen. Hoyt Wilhelm of Baltimore gave up his first home run in 49 1/3 innings, and it cost the Orioles a game. Errors resulted in two other losses, the seventh and eighth times this season that the Orioles have lost a chance to win or be because of unearned runs. More at

fault, however, have been the hitters. Baltimore has had superb pitching at times, notably by the relievers, but has not been able to capitalize on it. The reason: the team's .243 BA, lowest in the American League. Boston made the most of its chances. The Red Sox got two wins from Reliever Arnold Earley and .600 hitting from Lou Clinton. This gave the Red Sox four wins in seven games and moved them into eighth place. Chicago appeared to move into the pennant fight after winning a doubleheader at the start of the week. Thereafter the White Sox hit .233 and lost six of seven.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Being head coach for Chicago, Charlie Metro has learned, is like maiming coal—everything looks black. Metro, who was once a miner, tried such devices as extra practice and closed-circuit television, but his Cubs still lost five of seven. With permission from the league and opposing teams, the Cubs installed a television set in the runway behind their dugout. The purpose: to have Cub players chart each pitch, as followed by a camera mounted in the center-field bleachers. Some of the activities of Houston's Bob Cerv, recently acquired from the Yankees, would have made a good TV comedy. A pair of uniform trousers had to be ripped at the seams and restitched so they would fit Cerv's massive 48-inch thighs. On the field, Cerv slid into second base with such verve (as well as his 240 pounds) that the bug had to



TWO-TIME WINNERS were Cardinals' Ray Washburn, who won twice as a starter, Yankee Bud Daley, who earned his victories as relief.

be replaced. Then he suffered the ignominious fate of failing to score from second on a triple because of a mix-up in signals. Not so comical was Houston's record for the week: 1-6. Philadelphia lost seven times, but did end an eight-game losing streak. Tony Taylor was sidelined after gashing the big toe on his left foot when he kicked a clubhouse stool. Even more strange was the case of Milwaukee's Carl Wiley, who injured his back sneezing. Fortunately for the Braves, Eddie Mathews was healthy. Although he had only seven hits, two were game-winning homers and he drove in 11 runs. Manager Birdie Tebbetts tried to lose—weight, not games. At week's end he had dieted away 24 pounds, his appetite possibly being curbed by his club's 22 one-run losses this season. New York, exploiting bunts, home runs and infrequent good pitching, won three of eight, a sensational week for the Mets. Two of three bunts were successful in one inning against the Cardinals' usually sure-handed Bobby Shantz, and then Red Kaniel hit a grand-slam homer. Roger Craig had the honor of picking the Dodgers' Maury Wills off first base. Larry Jackson of St. Louis did even better, getting two outs on one pickoff. He caught Kaniel off second, and then Joe Christopher, who unwisely tried to advance from first on the play, was doubled up. But poor base running hurt the Cardinals, too. Dal Maxwell failed to touch third on his way home from second, thus converting a pinch single by Red Schoendienst into a fielder's choice. Pitcher Ray Sadock was also caught in the foolery, committing a wild pitch on an intentional walk. Nothing upset Lindy McDaniel. He relieved five times and had not given up an earned run in 29½ innings during his past 15 appearances. Pittsburgh got exceptional relief work from Elroy Face, a succession of run-saving fielding plays and shutouts from Vern Law and Al McBean, parlaying all this into seven wins. San Francisco, with Willie Mays picking up 13 RBIs, averaged 8.3 runs a game and held on to the league lead. After 89 innings without an error, Los Angeles committed 10 in two losses to the Giants. The only team to advance in the standings was Cincinnati, the Reds won five of seven and pushed the fading Cardinals out of fourth place.

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	18		26		28
Clev Phillips	62	Francona	14	Francome	4
NY Richardson	76	Richardson	15	5 with	2
LA Riccio	74	Redgers	24	Redgers	5
Minn Borkis	73	Gore	21	2 with	3
Det Colavito	56	2 with	14	Braden	6
Balt Robinson	54	Robinson	13	Kalosen	5
Chi Fox	67	Robinson	27	Robinson	7
San Burnell	76	Yasumura	21	2 with	4
NE Siebern	73	Del Greco	13	Ornath	7
Wash Johnson	47	Johnson	14	5 with	2

NATIONAL LEAGUE

SF Miller	33 Mays	72 2 with	4
LA Wills	30 T. Davis	15 T. Davis	8
Pitt Garci	55 2 with	25 Widen	8
Chi Robinson	57 Robinson	35 Wassinger	4
SF Flood	53 Flood	16 Reyer	4
Ind K. Aaron	24 H. Aaron	18 H. Aaron	5
PHI Taylor	63 Calhoun	13 Calhoun	4
Hou Fendallin	68 Pendellin	31 Renow	8
Chi Williams	74 Brook	19 2 with	6
NY Thomas	59 Thomas	13 2 with	3

Record statistics through Saturday, July 7

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MINUS THE MICK

Sirs:

You made the silly statement that Ralph Houk knows that "without Mantle the world champion Yankees are goners" (*The New York Yankees* are a championship club with a championship tradition of 25 pennants and 19 world championships. The present edition of the Yankees has enough depth to form two major league clubs that would come in first and second in any cage. How can you say that the loss of any single player from such a team can have so great an effect?

ROBERT BECKER

Bayside, N.Y.

Sirs:

Walter Bingham was 100% correct. Without The Mick the world champion Yankees are goners.

RICHARD WALL

GREG SHANLEY

Davenport, Iowa

Sirs:

Your superior article on Mickey Mantle should inform all baseball fans, including Yankee-haters, of the value of this extraordinarily great player to the Yankee organization and all of baseball. The secret to the phenomenal Yankee success lies in the fact that, in addition to the normal quantity of good players, they have always had that one individual capable of superhuman feats. There have been Ruth, Gehrig, DiMaggio, Berra and now Mantle. These men have all performed in a manner which would inspire their teammates to play better than their normal capability. Roger Maris' performance last year is a tribute to the mere presence of Mantle in the same lineup. Mickey's record over the past decade, acquired in spite of constant injuries to his legs that would finish most men, is one of the fine examples of a characteristic that we can never have enough of—leadership.

JOE REYNOLDS

Hagerstown, Md.

LAST WORD

Sirs:

I am writing in answer to a lot of your 19TH HOLE letters. I have really enjoyed *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* through the years but can't say I enjoy all the letters that have been written concerning my son, Jerry LUCAS (June 4, 18). Anyone who says Jerry is not an all-American boy should have the pleasure of spending a few hours with him. He is

a gentleman. He has tried hard all through life to be the kind of boy any mother would be proud of. I am very happy Jerry chose the way he did. In my honest opinion, Cincinnati has very poor fans, win or lose. Jerry found a lot of things he liked about the people in Cleveland. He likes people who are not always thinking of themselves. He likes the type that is not always finding



ALL-AMERICAN BOY'S MOTHER

fault over the least thing. I know how gossip has hurt my son, although he would never say so.

There is one thing I would like to put a lot of people straight on. Jerry is not after all the money he can get. If so, he would never have gone to Ohio State. They promised Jerry nothing; they gave him nothing of the material things of life. They gave him a wonderful background, an education he can always be proud of. Also he met and married a very precious girl. If Jerry and Treva are happy in Cleveland, that means more to me than all the money Cincinnati could give him.

MRS. JEAN LUCAS

Middletown, Ohio

ICED PUNCH

Sirs:

I reached the boiling point after reading your remarks about the Vada Pinson-Earl Lawson incident (*SCORECARD*, July 2). Like hundreds of other writers all over the country you grabbed your pen and rushed to the defense of Lawson. You couldn't be different, like one California writer who said at the end of his story, "Knowing the kind of boy Vada is, that sportswriter probably got exactly what he deserved."

Earl Lawson hasn't learned yet that when he questions a player's hustle or courage he is treading on very thin ice, especially when that player has just completed a near-three-year string of consecutive games played. During this stretch Pinson played when he was sick and when he was injured. A bad leg stopped his consecutive-game string and, just after his return to the lineup, the people who still read Lawson were told that Vada was lackadaisical and was squandering his talent. It seems to me you all showed poor judgment in leaping to the defense of a writer who could be wrong.

GEORGE POWLES

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

I am not wholeheartedly in favor of athletes slogging sportswriters; actually I am not wholeheartedly in favor of anybody slugging anybody, and the vast physical difference between the average athlete and the average critical writer renders it particularly unfair. But that still does not give the writer the status of the umpire. There are a number of fine sportswriters. There are also a number of bad ones. If the good ones on *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* would campaign to clean out the bad, what a wonderful profession they might have. That is my opinion, typed up and submitted for publication, at my own risk. If any sportswriter feels so offended that he wishes to look me up and take a swing at me, that's his business and mine. I don't demand any special rules to protect me from the consequences of my own voluntarily written words.

K. C. MACLOUD

Boston

Sirs:

While not an advocate of the eye-for-an-eye theory, I do think in this case that if it was fair for "Critic" Earl Lawson to deliver an arbitrary verbal punch to Vada Pinson via his powerful newspapers, it was equally fair for Pinson to return the favor via his own medium, a powerful batting arm.

HELGA FREEMAN

New York City

AT SEA

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article about the wonderful victory of *Nilla* in the Bermuda race (*A Veteran's First Victory*, July 2). However, as the one responsible for the racing tactics on *Gorham* I am a bit aggrieved at your statement that we "blundered" into our win in Class B. I would be the first to agree that we were

continued



LOST MONEY? (Can't be! It's unlosable money.)

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AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

19TH HOLE *continued*

lucky, but we actually went just where we planned, hitting the Gulf Stream about 30 miles west of the rhumb line Sunday afternoon, angling east and coming out early Monday about 10 miles on the other side of the rhumb line to catch the storm winds.

CHARLES C. PRICE III

Lansdowne, Pa.

Sirs:

In your June 18 issue you had a terrific article on Jack Powell's new "rule buster," *Paper Tiger*. In the follow-up on the Bermuda race you state *Paper Tiger* came in sixth and was dropped to 30th because of a rule infringement. What rule infringement?

CHARLES KIEP

Lincoln, Neb.

● *Paper Tiger* was indicted and convicted of "barging," an intricately defined nautical crime. To oversimplify, it may be said a boat is guilty of barging when it approaches the starting line from an improper angle so as to interfere with other boats.—ED.

Sirs:

I must take exception to Carleton Mitchell's remarks about America's Cup candidate *Easterner* (A Cup Boat Defies Convention, June 11). Owner Chandler Hovey has been raked over the proverbial coals by the press in the past, but Mitchell went too far. I have never seen Mr. Hovey in a less "frugal" attitude. Any modifications on the boat, as long as they are for its betterment, have been given the green light no matter what the costs. Hovey's genuine interest in winning has us all extremely pleased.

JAMES H. HUNT

Marblehead, Mass.

PAR FOR THE COURSE

Sirs:

Re your stimulating article on top golf-course designers Trent Jones and Dick Wilson (*Golf's Building Architects*, July 2), there is just one thing I'd like to know, or rather, two: Does Jones play better on his own courses or on Wilson's? And vice versa?

JIM HARD

Boston

● According to Architect Jones, "Everyone plays better on a Jones course." Rival Architect Wilson, in a way, agrees that he, too, would be better able to score well on a Jones course—or on a course designed by anyone else, for that matter—because his "mind would be free to concentrate on the game." On one of his own courses, says Wilson, "I'd be much more concerned with improving the course than playing the game." Neither offered scorecards to prove his point.—ED.



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

You need the breaks to beat the breakers in Australia's stormy surf!

1. "Pulling an oar in a race against Australia's crack lifeboat crews was tough enough," writes Rush Clark, an American friend of Canadian Club, "but those huge breakers along Sydney's Manly Beach made it the roughest course I've ever rowed. When my friends urged me to join their crew, I hesitated. It was hard to believe that even experienced oarsmen would race through those waves just for sport. But when I saw 'Yes' at the oars lined up along the beach, I had to say 'Yes.' At the gun, we shoved off, heading out to the marker buoy.



2. "We plunged into the line of breakers with sweeping strokes, just ahead of the next crew. Our boats were tossed about like matchsticks. Suddenly a huge sea smashed down on us! In a flash we capsized and along with the crews of two other boats, we found ourselves in the boiling water.

3. "We were all strong swimmers, but the buffeting of those giant waves gave me a few anxious moments. A strong undertow didn't help matters. Fortunately, our competitors were just behind us. With many quips about our seamanship, they pulled us ahead, turning our practice race into a true-to-life rescue.

4. "Back on the beach, my spirits revived when I joined my Australian friends in a toast with their favorite whisky... and mine... Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? No other whisky in the world rewards you with such distinctive flavor—because no other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. World's lightest whisky, too...you can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Try Canadian Club tonight.



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